November 12, 1932

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIE UPSHAW CARRIES NEW YORK FOR PROHIBITION—DEMANDS RECOUNT

—

TWINS BORN IN OSHKOSH NAMED HERBERT WILLIE OGG and FRANKLIN NORMAN OGG

—

7 COUNTIES IN OKLAHOMA SOLID FOR T.R.

—

18 DISTRICTS IN CHICAGO:
HOOVER 714
ROOSEVELT 714
KING GEORGE 1
FORGOTTEN MAN 35,482
GRETA GARBO 6

—

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN: GRETA GARBO REFUSES TO BE QUOTED

LAWSON WOOD

Robbing the Working Girl - By Willia

MRS E V WORSHAM C
211 SO COLBORN 90/099
IOLA
KANS 280733

Nov. 12, 1932

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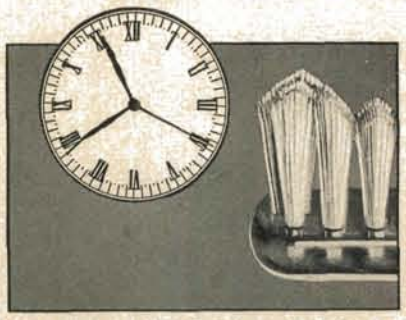
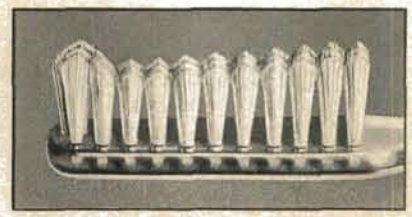
Try this New

DOUBLE-QUICK

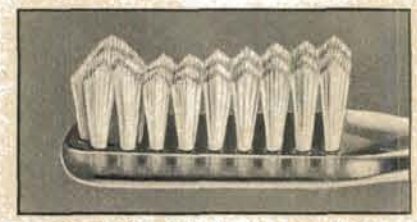
Tooth Brush for Brighter, Whiter Teeth



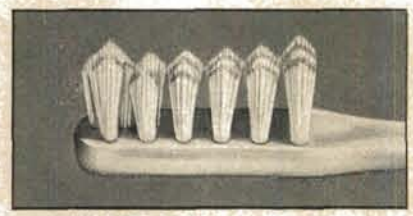
This famous TUFT does the trick. With split-second speed, these special long bristles reach into crevices and sweep the back teeth. Users say that this unique Pro-phy-lac-tic TUFT cleans and feels like a "dentist's brush."



ADULT SIZE. Father will want this size, and perhaps mother will too. **50¢**



YOUTH'S SIZE. A smaller brush for children of school age. **35¢**



CHILD'S SIZE. For use as soon as there are any teeth at all! **25¢**

AS Tooth Brush Authorities for nearly fifty years, we urge that you follow your dentist's instructions and brush your teeth for *three* to *five minutes* at least twice a day.

For this careful and thorough cleaning the TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic is ideal. Painstaking experiment and dental research developed its scientific shape to clean every part of every tooth with *maximum speed*.

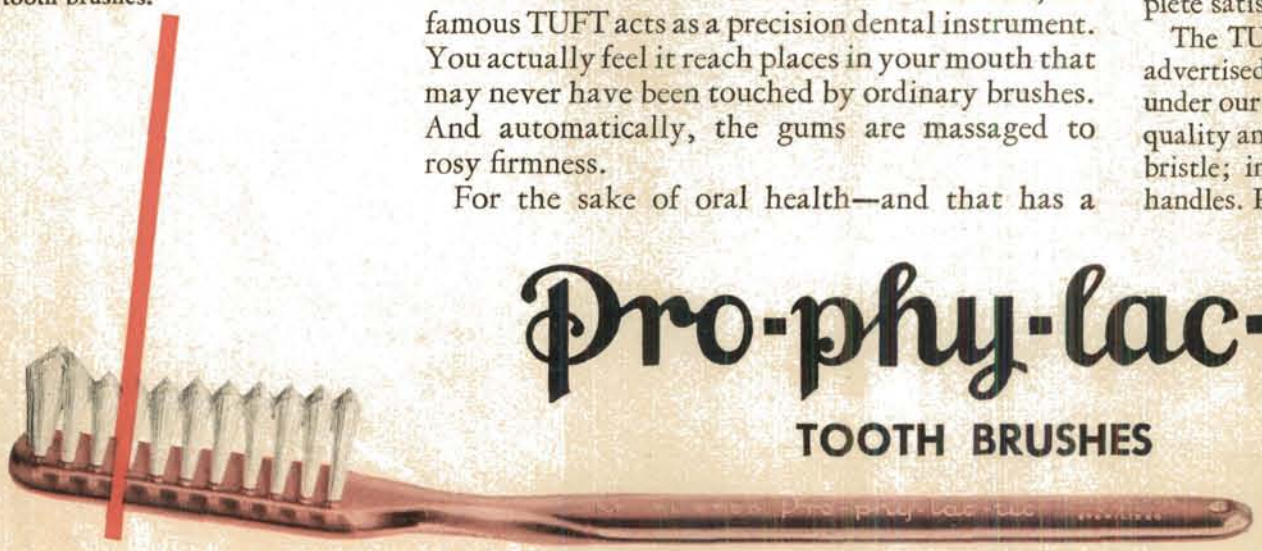
Every minute, every second, spent in cleaning with this modern tooth brush therefore gives double benefits. The perfectly spaced bristles slip in and clean even *between* the teeth. In addition, the famous TUFT acts as a precision dental instrument. You actually feel it reach places in your mouth that may never have been touched by ordinary brushes. And automatically, the gums are massaged to rosy firmness.

For the sake of oral health—and that has a tremendous influence on your general health—brush your teeth and gums slowly and thoroughly. And if, sometimes, you hurry the cleaning on a busy morning or evening, that is only an added reason for using the double-quick TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Look for the Pro-phy-lac-tic name on the box and on the handle of the tooth brush you buy. This name certifies scientific design. This name assures you of genuine pearl quality bristle . . . fast-drying, resistant to moisture, sterilized. With nothing added which might hurt your teeth and gums or affect the taste of your tooth paste. And above all, this name guarantees complete satisfaction *or your money back*.

The TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic is the only nationally advertised 50¢ tooth brush made in its own plant. Made under our own watchful eyes to unvarying standards of quality and value. Obtainable in hard, medium, and soft bristle; in a variety of pastel and transparent color handles. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Double-quick because it is two brushes in one. The TUFTED end for difficult places. The rest of the brush for the rest of the teeth. Gives dental-type cleaning in half the time of ordinary tooth brushes.



Pro-phy-lac-tic

TOOTH BRUSHES

Look for this display stand on your druggist's counter.

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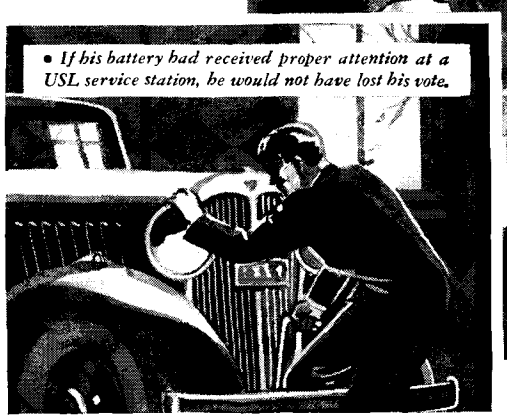


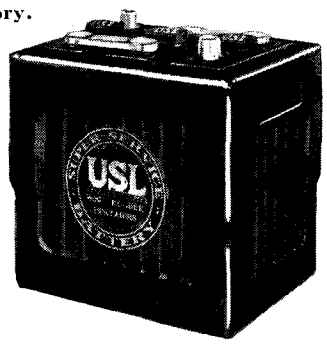
Election time is Battery time

Don't Lose YOUR VOTE

Election time is here—be sure to vote. Don't let battery trouble keep you from arriving at the polls on time. During this season your battery is apt to fail when you least expect it.

Cold weather is tough on batteries. Why take chances when any one of the 18,000 USL dealers will gladly check your battery for cold weather service. A battery inspection now will probably save you unnecessary expense and inconvenience later on.

When your present battery needs replacing, have your USL dealer show you the many advantages in USL construction. . . . Then you will understand why you can depend upon a USL to give you more dependable and more economical service. You will be pleasantly surprised, too, at the prevailing USL prices—the lowest in USL history.



Back of every USL battery stand 33 years of battery building, 6 great factories, 18,000 dealers, endorsement of leading car manufacturers, millions of satisfied users.

Free... Gold Leaf Initials

For a limited period, each of the 18,000 USL Battery dealers offers you two valuable services absolutely free, no matter what make battery is in your car.

First—a complete check up of your battery for cold weather service. . . Second—two sets of beautiful Old English, gold leaf initials for your car, golf bag, traveling bag or any other article.

Don't delay! Clip the coupon. Print plainly on it your name and address and the initials you want, and take it to your USL dealer. He will give you the free battery service inspection and sign the coupon for you. Mail it to us and we will forward your gold leaf initials absolutely free.

These handsome gold leaf initials for your car, golf bag, traveling bag or any other article are free.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—I have had the battery in my car checked for cold weather service by the USL dealer shown below. . . Please send me free, two sets of the following initials (Print initials here)

Motorist's Name

Motorist's Address

USL Dealer's Name

USL Dealer's Address

NOTE: This coupon cannot be honored unless signed by a USL dealer. To locate a USL dealer, look for his USL signs or look in your Classified Telephone Directory under "Batteries." If you cannot locate a USL dealer, write "Cannot find USL dealer" on the coupon and mail it to us.

C

USL BATTERIES
Power to Spare

USL BATTERY CORPORATION, Niagara Falls, New York . . *Other factories at* Oakland, Calif.; Toronto, Can.; Sydney, Australia; Manchester, England; Paris, France

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"THE Young Know Best." Elizabeth Lee doubted it. She had been young once—not very long ago—and she hadn't done so well for herself. She was separated from her husband; she still loved him; and his absence left a dull ache, a sort of deadness that no amount of fame and success could cure.

Millions worshiped her. In thousands of cities and towns her name flashed in lights over innumerable theaters. Her position in Hollywood was unique. And she was desperately tired, miserably unhappy. The unvarying sun of Southern California seemed to pursue her like a monstrous, lidless eye. She longed for rain. She was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. She left, looking for rain. What she found was double romance. Teresa Phillips tells her story.

THERE was a time in the history of Mississippi when, to quote one of her officials, "If anybody had come along offering to swap something useful, like a bottle opener, a dozen socks or a good square meal, we'd have given him the state and run like hell before he found out he'd been gypped." That was only a short time ago. Now things are better, and the reason is that Governor Mike Conner has put into operation a very successful state sales tax. Walter Davenport shows you what happens to revenues in a state where you "Pay as You Go."

LUCK'S a funny thing. Take Captain Martin, for example. In thirty years at sea, fifteen of them on the Eastern run, he had never encountered a typhoon, had never suffered a collision nor run aground. He boasted of it. The owners of the line boasted of it. And the captain set out to make record runs, taking chances. Nothing happened, until— But let Albert Richard Wetjen tell you the story of "The Hero."

HE SEEMED unable to forget that he had made touchdowns against the Army, Harvard and Notre Dame. Worse, the poor fellow was still reading those newspaper clippings wherein he was football's outstanding hero.

And so the boss had to fire him.

When we decided to go into this tragedy we asked Southern California's 1931 All-America back, Gaius Shaver (who is *not* the chap referred to above) to tell of the dangers of lionizing college football stars. He does it courageously. "Football Ballyhoo," he calls it.

DASHIELL HAMMETT puts Detective Spade to work on an exciting mystery. Don Marquis, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, John B. Kennedy, Arthur Somers Roche and Zane Grey will be present. With appropriate gifts. What's yours?

This Week

November 12, 1932

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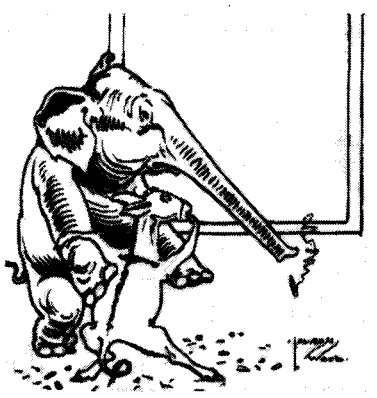
Any Week



WHEN the idea for the front cover of this issue struck us and we had recovered from our amazement we realized that time was short. We wanted Lawson Wood to do it because only he could achieve the exact degree of dismay and apprehension we expected the elephant and donkey to wear. But Lawson Wood lives in England, in Eastbourne on the English Channel, and we hadn't sufficient time to tell him about it in a letter and wait for a drawing to cross the Atlantic.

To a modern executive a difficulty of this kind means nothing at all and if you aren't a really modern executive you ought to hide your face in the corner. So we just picked up the telephone and put in a call for Mr. Lawson Wood. At the end of twenty minutes there was Mr. Wood at the other end of the air; but if we said he sounded as if he were just around the corner we'd be stretching it. The day must have been the kind that sailors fear. Firecrackers went off in our ear, and between explosions we could hear Mr. Wood crying, "Are you there? Are you there?"

Eventually he must have pieced together most of our words because he said the idea was clear to him and that a rough sketch would be sent by radiophoto.

Three days later the sketch arrived and the reproduction of it in this column shows you exactly how it looked. We cabled the artist to put a few bandages on the animals to show they had been in a fight (with whom didn't make any difference) and to paint in a big-city background. Five days later the finished drawing left Southampton on the Berengaria and we began to be interested in the weather reports. In six more days the drawing was in New York and we went to lunch well pleased with ourselves. You have no idea what we went through.

MR. CHARLES C. KING of Atlanta, Georgia, wants us to quit howling about taxation and to "shift the public's mind to the benefits of government and preach common sense." All right. Are you listening?

ONE ticket to Meriden, Mississippi, please. No, just one way. We've just received word from Mr. E. Roy Taylor that for one dime (luckily we've saved that much) in that soothing town you can buy "one fresh yard egg, two strips of crisp bacon, delicious buttered toast, pearl grits and one cup of coffee with sugar and real cream."

OR IF you'd prefer San Diego, California, here's what Mr. John D. Loveman reports from that city: After consuming "a melon, a small steak, a couple of quarts of French frieds, two bunches of celery, six hard rolls, a quarter of a pound of butter, a baked apple with cream and two cups of coffee" in a San Diego restaurant, a citizen asked the proprietor what he owed him.

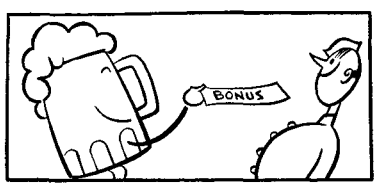
"One buck," said the proprietor.

"Huh," replied the diner, "I only got two bits."

"That's what I meant," said the proprietor, dropping the twenty-five cents into the cash register and thanking his guest.

WHICH seems to us to prove that Mr. Cone L. Platt of Kansas City, Missouri, is wrong. He writes that "there is no further doubt about the country. It is gone to the dogs and all we can hope is that they are good dogs."

MR. SOL HANDLEY of Portland, Oregon, notifies us that he has devoted the past few days to thinking. He emerges with the following: "Legalize beer and wine immediately and tax it plenty. Give the proceeds to the veterans until they've got their bonus in full. Then we can go ahead saving the country."



AND a report on the spirit of the times arrives from Mr. E. D. Skinner of Albany, New York, who looks philosophically at a court scene wherein a citizen is charged with a traffic violation.

"What," demanded the judge, "does the red light mean?"

"Red means stop," replied the prisoner.

"Green?"

"Go."

"And yellow?"

"Yellow," was the prompt reply, "means you should go like hell to beat the red."

"AND now," says Mr. Luke Sorensen of St. Paul, Minn., "the candidates can sit back and listen to the voters spitting on their hands."

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"I hopped right out of my TRADE MARK"

says the Victor Dog, "when I heard the radio that gets two more octaves of music!"

YOU'VE got to hand it to those boys down at Radio Headquarters. For 10 years I listened to radios. But it took them to bring me to my feet with the only radio that ever fooled my keen ears into thinking it was human!

It's a radio that gets two whole octaves of music that *ordinary sets miss almost entirely!* A radio that lets you hear instruments you *never even knew were playing.* A radio that will get you 29 more true tones of the piano—35 more true tones of the trombones—19 more notes of the saxophones—and so on!

I'm a hound for good music. I know the best—and want it, always. Technical talk about a radio can't get me excited ordinarily. But I'm sold on the eight new features of Bi-Acoustic radio. They *mean* something in terms of *actual tone* improvement!

Help yourself to the biggest radio thrill that ever came down the avenue! Look up one of those RCA Victor stores—you'll probably see my picture in the window—and ask for a chance to hear this new radio do its tricks.

RCA "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

The RCA Victor Company, Inc., "RADIO HEADQUARTERS," Camden, N. J. *A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary*

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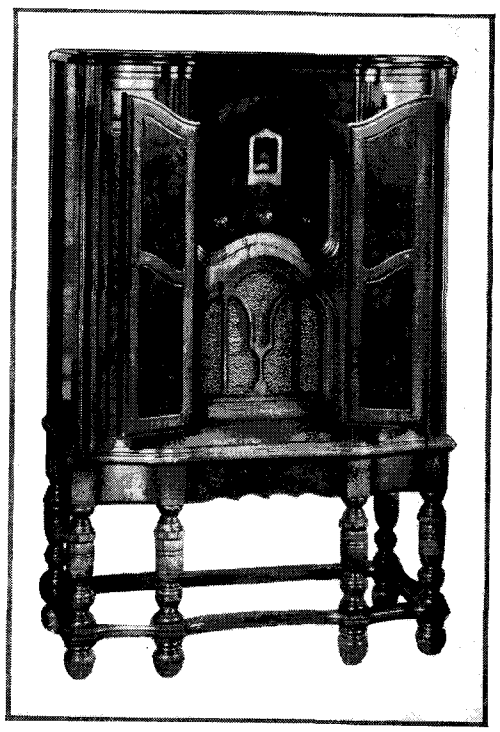

The New Bi-Acoustic Radio, R-78 with 8 great improvements. Complete with 12 RCA Radiotrons.

Sets... $48.75 to $310.00

RCA Victor *Bi-Acoustic* 2 MORE OCTAVES Radio

MADE EXCLUSIVELY *by the* MAKERS *of* RCA VICTOR RADIOS, PHONOGRAPH COMBINATIONS, VICTOR RECORDS

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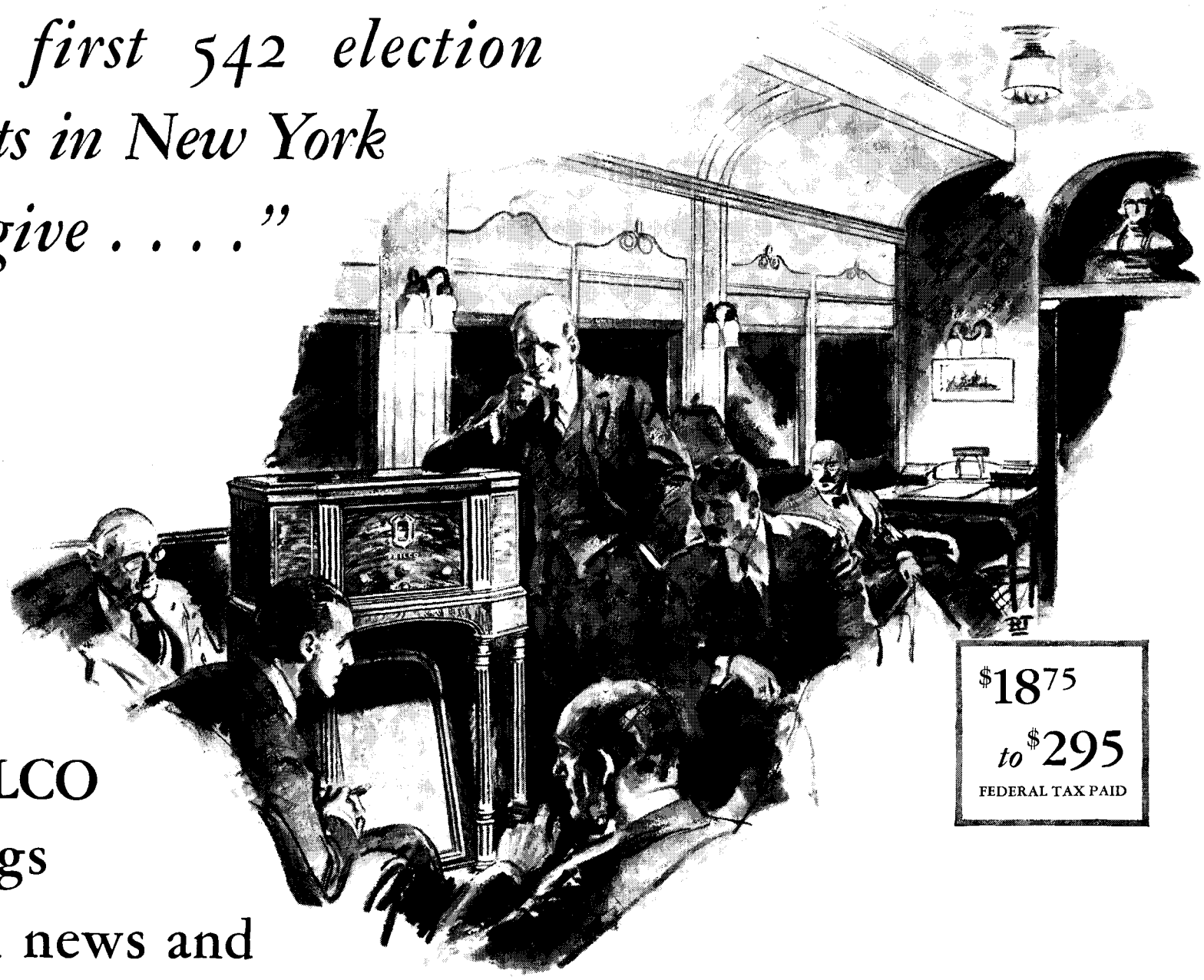
"The first 542 election districts in New York City give . . . ."



$18.75 to $295
FEDERAL TAX PAID

PHILCO brings both news and entertainment to passengers on "The George Washington"

Election returns on Tuesday night—football games on Saturday afternoon—all the "big news" is instantly available to passengers on "The George Washington"—pride of the Chesapeake & Ohio and the world's first long-distance air-conditioned train.

Through the magic voice of the PHILCO in the Club Car, passengers not only receive all the news of the world but all the musical programs on the air. A famous contralto sings from New York while the train crosses historic Orange County, Virginia. A dance orchestra in a Chicago hotel plays a fast-moving accompaniment while "The George Washington" climbs from the Shenandoah toward the towering hills of West Virginia.

Wherever you are, PHILCO will bring you everything that is available on the air waves—all the great entertainment—all the orchestral music—all the dance tunes—with remarkable clarity and perfection of tone quality.

Let PHILCO make *your* home the center of the world of music, culture, current events. Leading dealers everywhere are happy to show and demonstrate PHILCO.

See it. Hear it. Buy it. Enjoy it.

PHILCO MODEL 15X, shown above, $150 Tax Paid—PATENTED—Contains every worthwhile radio improvement—many exclusively PHILCO. Musicians, especially, appreciate the following scientific points of superiority:—1. The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board throws all sound up into field of listener, making all high notes heard for the first time. 2. Large area of sounding board insures full reproduction of low notes. 3. Echo Absorbing Screen at the back prevents echo and blur, the first radio to deliver sound only from front of speaker. 4. Open sounding board instead of sound chamber affords clear unboxed tone.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

Philco-Transitone Radio (superheterodyne) for motor cars and boats, average price complete, installed and tax paid on cars equipped with aerial, $69.50. ALL ELECTRIC (no dry batteries) $79.50.

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A musical instrument of quality

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You can't Marry an Alibi

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

When a girl like Sharon gets herself engaged to a man like Mr. Parr, what's a fellow like Bill to do? The answer's easy—for a fellow like Bill

BILL fell in love with Sharon the day that she announced her engagement to Mr. Alison Biron Parr. Sharon announced her engagement to Mr. Alison Parr the day that Bill became chauffeur for Sharon's father. It made a bad combination.

Bill's first duty was to take Sharon and Mr. Parr from the Fairfield cottage (twenty-seven rooms, twelve baths and sunken garden) to the Ten Brink Country Club. He was to be ready at eleven—sharp.

From six to eleven that morning, Bill kept getting ready. He polished the car, inspected the gas and water and air and oil, the motor and the brakes; he washed the windshield and the mirror and the face of the clock and put fresh cigarettes in the silver box, and a yellow rose in the vase. Bill had never been a chauffeur before and he took his duties seriously. The picture did not have a thing to do with it. He had barely time left to bathe and jump into his uniform. At eleven o'clock precisely he drew up at the foot of the Fairfield steps.

At eleven-ten a manservant brought an array of golf bags and stowed them in the car. At eleven-twenty Sharon herself came slowly down the steps. Bill had not seen Sharon for four years. His first impression now was that the day, which had been overcast, had suddenly and completely cleared.

Four years ago Sharon had been a gangling freckle-nosed little girl, with sun-scorched hair cut very short, and shins covered with bruises. Bill was the son of the village doctor, and Sharon was the daughter of the Fairfield fortune—but it had not made any difference then. She could throw a ball as straight as he could, and all but beat him swimming the river above the dam. He had never thought of her as being pretty. He had never thought of it at all—if he had, he would have said her eyes were too big for her face and it was a shame she was so skinny. She was a good kid, though. Spunky. She had not cried the day she slipped climbing down the face of Ballcap, and broke a leg and a collar-bone, and Bill had jiggled her so terribly carrying her all the way to his father's office.

Afterwards Sharon went to Miss Perkins' School for Girls, and Bill went to college and waited on table in Commons, and got himself into medical school. Sharon spent her summers abroad, and the Fairfield cottage was not opened.

Bill had known from the picture, of course, that Sharon was different. But he saw now that the picture had done her less than justice. Perhaps the thing was that she had grown up to match her eyes. They were still storm-blue and enormous in a small, pointed face, but no longer overwhelming. She was still slender, with a pliant slenderness, but you could not call her skinny. The freckles were gone—save for three extra-nice little gold ones over the bridge of her nose, kept for a souvenir. Her hair had grown long, and it made gold circles round her ears and a gold loop on her neck. She had on a yellow sleeveless sweater and a white skirt and white sandals and no stockings. Bill noticed to his confusion that her legs.... He leaped out hastily and opened the car door.

BILL touched his cap. He did it a little awkwardly—though of course he had practiced with a mirror. He had hoped that Sharon would not know him—not right off. But she did.

"Why, Bill!" she cried. "Bill Warren. What do you think you're doing?"

"I couldn't move if I wanted to," said Bill. Mr. Parr was a good sport and laughed the loudest

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"I think I'm holding the door for you," said Bill stiffly. "Where did you wish to go, Miss Fairfield?" He would show her right away that he did not mean to presume on the way things had been.

Sharon laughed. "You're more formal," she said, "than you were the day you rescued me from the bushes after my clothes went down the river. The Club, Bill, if you must know. We'll wait for Mr. Parr." She took the rose out of the vase and fastened it at her belt. Bill was glad that he had chosen a yellow one.

BILL was not sure whether he ought to get back into the driver's seat while they waited, or whether to stand outside. He decided on the latter. He stood erect, with his heels together and his arms rigid at his sides and his ears getting redder every minute. Bill had grown up, too, in four years. But he still had a singularly unconcealing face. Brown eyes set wide apart, a humanly inquisitive nose, a big humorous mouth, and a stubborn chin. His hair, in spite of all the water he had lavished on it not half an hour ago, tipped up defiantly round the edges of his cap. Bill stared straight ahead. It was remarkable how, staring straight ahead, he managed to see Sharon so particularly. Of course the windshield mirror was a help.

Sharon sat in the far corner of the car with her head against the cushions. She had always had a trick of tipping up her chin. She sat still, yet somehow without relaxation; composed, without peace. That's what racing round all day did, and parties every night. There was a hint of shadow under her eyes, as if she were tired. Sharon had never been tired—four years ago.

"You've changed," she said restlessly.

"Yes," said Bill.

"Do you think I have?"

"Yes," said Bill.

"How?"

"I'm not sure yet," said Bill.

"You're not very talkative, are you?"

"No," said Bill.

Sharon laughed. "It's a pleasant day," she teased him.

"It is now," said Bill feelingly.

They waited fifteen minutes—the longest, shortest, most unsettling minutes of Bill's life.

"Bill," Sharon said, "run up to the house like an angel and tell Mr. Parr we're ready."

Bill ran up to the house. He ran less like an angel than like a tall young man with very long legs, but the method was effective. Bill hesitated on the threshold. He was not sure whether chauffeurs rang the bell when sent on errands or walked right in. So he walked right in.

THE telephone-room was at the right of the hall, and inside, unconscious of Bill's approach, Mr. Parr was telephoning. Bill knew it was Mr. Parr, because his picture had been in the paper with Sharon's. The picture, he decided, did Mr. Parr more than justice. "Honey," Mr. Parr was saying, "I can't make it. It wasn't my fault . . ."

"We're ready," announced Bill in a loud voice.

Mr. Alison Biron Parr whirled about, and he did not look as if he liked Bill very well. . . .

Bill went back to Sharon rather thoughtfully. "Mr. Parr is telephoning," he reported.

"What did he say?"

"He said who the dickens was I, and I said I was Bill." Bill tried not to look at her—but he looked just the same. He tried to maintain his professional gravity—but his big humorous mouth had its way with him finally and they both laughed together. "I got mad," Bill said frankly. "Chauffeurs don't get mad, do they?"

"That depends on the chauffeur," said Sharon. "Sometimes I get mad myself."

It was eleven-forty when Mr. Parr came out. "Darling," he said, "I'm simply overcome at keeping you waiting like this. But I had to telephone. And you know yourself there's no service in this town."

"It's all right," said Sharon. "Did you get the caddies?"

"Honey," said Mr. Parr, "I clean forgot it. How could I remember caddies, when you were out here all alone looking so beautiful? Step on it, feller," he added to Bill. "We're in a hurry."

Bill stepped on it obediently. It was because he stepped on it so hard, and also perhaps a little bit because he was looking at Sharon in the windshield mirror, that he came so near having an accident at the point where Hilltop Drive turns into the state road. A car cut in unexpectedly at the left, and only an amazing maneuver on Bill's part, involving a ditch and a bank and a set of excellent brakes recently inspected, saved them from a crash.

Sharon did not scream. Naturally she wouldn't. Mr. Parr did not scream either, but he made a loud, unhandsome sound. "What do you think you're doing?" he roared at Bill. "If this is the kind of driver you've got, Sharon . . ."

"It wasn't Bill's fault," said Sharon.

"*Bill.* How come . . ."

"It's his name," said Sharon coolly. "Bill Warren. Mr. Parr."

Bill was at a loss. His book of etiquette did not include acknowledgment of introductions between chauffeurs and fiancés. He decided to nod and touch his cap.

"Uh," said Mr. Parr. "Look where you're going after this."

WHEN they started, Bill knew nothing about Mr. Alison Biron Parr except that he was heir to Parr Ball Bearings, a guest at the Evergreens Hotel, which was the supremely right place to be in Northcliffe's summer colony . . . and Sharon's fiancé. But by the time they reached the club, he knew a lot more.

Mr. Parr was not using his own car at present. His license had been suspended on a charge of drunken driving. Mr. Parr had not, of course, been drunk. The sun had been in his eyes. Also, the fellow had stepped right in front of him. It was the devil of a nuisance, with a honeymoon in September. There was no justice in the law. . . .

Mr. Parr had been runner-up yesterday in the club tennis finals. He would have won his match easily if his ankle had not been weak from his accident. Of course his opponent knew that and took advantage of it—ran him all over the court. . . .

Mr. Parr owned two planes. He would have had his pilot's license long ago if there had not been so much prejudice against amateur fliers. . . .

Personally, Mr. Parr was perfect. One of the dark and dashing sort, with a cleft in his chin and bluish-black hair, and long, long, long lashes. He had all the social graces—as incapable of making the wrong gesture as of wearing the wrong clothes. His pale green sweater and socks and tie matched the long, pale, green eyes that men found evasive and women found romantic. He had a fluent speech, a ready laughter, a warm, caressing touch. Mr. Parr might have married anyone—and he had chosen Sharon.

They drew up before the clubhouse in a flurry of gravel, and Mr. Parr helped Sharon out with a tenderness that should have endeared him to any woman's heart. When Sharon's hand rested for an instant on his arm, Bill saw her ring. He looked down thoughtfully at the buttons on his uniform. The diamond, he estimated, was about the same size.

CANDACE LEURY and Meredith Nye were waiting—two other guests from the Evergreens. Candace was a flamboyant snip, with provocative black eyes and black hair lapped tight to her head. Merry might have been anyone, in spite of the Nye millions. He looked at his wrist watch ostentatiously. "Right on time as usual. . . ."

Mr. Parr jerked his head over his shoulder. "We've got a new chauffeur," he said, and thus dismissed the matter. "Where are our caddies?"

"All out," said Candace. "We thought you were going to fix it."

"It's Sharon's fault," said Mr. Parr. "She was so beautiful I got to looking at her and forgot to call up." In the laughter he glanced about and his eye fell on Bill. "See here, why can't you caddy for us?"

Sharon looked uncomfortable. "Oh Bill," she said, "would you mind awfully? It would help us out a lot."

Bill opened his mouth to say he wouldn't do it. "Glad to," said Bill.

On the first hole Mr. Alison Biron Parr made a splendid long mashie shot—into the rough. This was because Sharon moved her hand, and the light struck on her diamond and set a loose

"I sent down and he isn't there. Oh, Bill, can't you find him?"

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rainbow jumping. Mr. Parr laughed a great deal over his comical mischance. Sharon obligingly turned the ring inside her hand.

AT THE third they all sat down and let another foursome go through. They were so noisy that it put Mr. Parr off his stroke.

"You want to enjoy my company today," Merry Nye said. "Last public appearance. Tomorrow I go to work."

"What do you mean—work?" Mr. Parr inquired.

"I mean work," explained Merry. "W-o-r-k. Labor. L-a-b-o-r. I'm going back to town. Office. The Old Man wants me to."

"Do you think that's right?" asked Mr. Parr seriously. "I wanted to go to work, too. But I said to myself: 'No. It wouldn't be fair, with all this unemployment. . . .'" He spoke so earnestly, with such an engaging lift of eyebrows, such loving kindness for the unemployed, that you believed it—while he was talking.

"It's just like you," Sharon said, "to be so thoughtful."

At the seventh Mr. Parr missed his putt. "You mustn't move, you know," he said to Bill reprovingly.

Bill stood, drooping a little in his hot uniform, with four golf bags hung upon him and Merry Nye's putter in his hand. He was also carrying Candace Leury's sweater which she didn't need any more, and Merry Nye's cap which made his head hot, and a box of chocolates suffering from the sun, and Mr. Parr's patent tee and the gloves he wore to shoot with so his hands wouldn't slip, and a pair of high-heeled shoes that Candace had forgotten to leave in her locker . . . and a handkerchief which Sharon had dropped. The handkerchief, however, was in Bill's inside pocket. So that didn't count.

"I couldn't move if I wanted to," said Bill.

There was a great deal of laughter. Mr. Parr was a good sport and laughed the loudest.

At the ninth it was so late that they decided to call it a day. Mr. Parr said he should drop dead if he didn't have a drink pretty soon. "We should have won, hands down, if it hadn't been for the wind," he told Sharon on the way back.

"The wind blew on the others too," Sharon suggested.

"It was gusty," said Mr. Parr. "We always struck a gust."

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

Mr. Parr was asleep. Candace Leury's head was on his shoulder

IT WAS late that afternoon. Sharon walked up slowly from the stables, slapping her crop moodily against a boot; she came through the kitchen garden and the service quarters—and stopped at the entrance to the latticed clothes yard. Inside a tall young man, his high brown head all wind-blown and unruly and coppery and crisp, was hanging a white shirt neatly by the tail.

"Hello, Bill," said Sharon.

Bill whirled about. "Hello," he said. He hastily wadded up the two-legged garment he was holding and thrust it into the basket at his feet; after some rummaging, he produced a large white handkerchief, and shook it out, and clipped it triumphantly to the line.

Sharon laughed. She came in and sat on the edge of the clothes-pin box. "What are you doing this for?"

"They were dirty," Bill explained.

"You know what I mean. What's the big idea, pretending to be our chauffeur?"

"I'm not pretending," said Bill. "I am. After all, I have to work for somebody. If I don't save a thousand dollars by September, I can't go back to Medical."

Sharon was thoughtful. Now that he had a chance to watch her, Bill saw how much the same she was in spite of being so different. There was the same candor in her lifted face, the same terrific honesty. Under all the surface changes of appearance and poise and clothes, she was the same plucky kid—who could throw a ball as straight as he could. "You want to go back a lot, don't you?" she said.

"Yes," said Bill simply. After a moment he added: "I shouldn't mind so much putting off my degree another year, only I'm in a hurry to get back here and practice."

"Here?" Sharon repeated, wondering. "You're going to practice *here?*"

"Yes," said Bill. "There isn't any doctor here, you know, since my father . . . died." He hesitated. Bill's father had died of pneumonia after a night's exposure—trying to reach a woman who was having a baby all alone on the other side of Ballcap. Then he went on. Suddenly it seemed awfully important that Sharon should understand.

"You don't know what it's like winters," he said earnestly. "You're only here when the hotels are open and the town is full of people, and you can wire a surgeon in New York and have him land in two hours at Evergreens Field. It isn't like that in the winter. Northcliffe is just a dot then, stuck in the snow between the mountains. The trains don't run beyond Marlin Junction. The airport is closed. There isn't a hospital nearer than Kenwick—and that's thirty-seven miles. There isn't a doctor nearer than Iron River—and that's twenty-one. Half the time the roads are closed. . . ."

He broke off suddenly, alarmed at his own eloquence; red and stiff for fear Sharon should think he was trying to be noble or something. His chin looked stubborn and his hair defiant, but his honest brown eyes pleaded with her to understand.

SHARON looked up at him—and understood. She had not really seen Bill before: only scattered memories of a boy that she had played with. Now abruptly she saw Bill himself: tall and spare and hard, with a clear, humorous, comprehending look, and long, fine hands that clipped handkerchiefs deftly to a line. But oddly, through and beyond Bill, she saw a doctor, beating his way through blizzards, and getting stalled in his old car, and stumbling forward on foot with the cold biting through his overcoat and the taste of storm in his mouth . . . to bring relief from suffering. Against the extravagances of her own background Sharon found the picture strangely moving.

"That's . . . worth doing, isn't it?" said Sharon. She was sitting on the clothes-pin box, looking up. Bill was standing by the clothesline, looking down. Their eyes met. Something that Bill did not try to put a name to passed between them. He sensed about Sharon a lovely . . . clarity—as if something of herself, untouchable, stood aside and held off circumstance; there was a curious wistfulness in her face. "I always thought," she said slowly, "that it would be nice to do something . . . worth doing."

"Oh, shucks," said Bill, embarrassed. "It's what I want to do, that's all."

Abruptly the moment was over.

"If you must work," said Sharon briskly, "you ought to have a better job."

Bill grinned. "Maybe you wouldn't have noticed it," he said, "but jobs aren't so plenty. The way I figure it, the best men get the best ones, and the next best get the next ones, and I get to be a chauffeur. It isn't so bad, really." His look said that even in a clothes yard there were . . . alleviations.

"You're modest, aren't you?" said Sharon.

"No," said Bill, grinning still. "I think I'll be a grand doctor."

"Honest, then." Sharon pondered. "You don't like Mr. Parr, do you?" she said suddenly . . . as if there were any connection.

"No," said Bill.

"Why?"

BILL considered several reasons, and rejected all of them. "I guess," he said, "it must be because he's going to marry you." Suddenly he was hanging on to the clothes post, as if he were afraid it would get away from him. "Listen," he said thickly. "In about one minute I'm going to make an ungodly fool of myself. Get out quick, Sharon, please, before the minute's up."

Bill spent the rest of the summer keeping himself from being an ungodly fool. He was very busy.

It was to be a garden wedding. The gardener had caused the late roses to bloom for Miss Sharon by a sheer effort of will. The cook was icing the wedding cake; she said she wasn't going to have no bak'ry stuff to marry off Miss Sharon. In the butler's pantry the butler was himself polishing the silver; the second maid was polishing the brasses; on the doorstep a little boy

(Continued on page 36)

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Robbing the Working Girl

Sixty-five cents for a week's work is not wages. Not in America. But that's what one girl in New Haven received. And there have been thousands like her—victims of a new and vicious racket the fly-by-night sweatshop. It's hard to get facts about this method of exploiting those hungry for jobs. The operators move too fast. Here Mr. Shepherd has pinned them down and shows you what they are and what's being done to stop them

By William G. Shepherd

THAT truck driver had a right to be scared and to call for the highway police.

It was ten o'clock on a dark night, along a lonely Connecticut road, just a good time and place for a truck robbery. He saw us coming toward him.

Our open car dashed up alongside his truck, swerved toward him and he heard one man in our car cry "Shoot!" But nothing happened. He saw us swerve back to the right side of the road and disappear around a curve.

There we held a conference in our car. We decided to try it again. We turned around and a minute later he must have seen us pass him and again disappear. By this time, though we did not know it, he was frightened. He hauled up alongside the road.

We turned, after a mile or two, and headed back again, to make another try at it. We saw the green and red lights on the front roof edges of his brightly varnished truck.

"He's standing still," said our driver.

"O. K.," said the man behind. "Now, turn in close to him and don't go over thirty an hour."

Again our car swung in toward the truck. Again the man in the front seat said to the man in the rear seat, "Shoot!" This time the flash went off. A blinding glare of six huge flashlight bulbs, fixed in a three-foot aluminum reflector, brightened the night like lightning and then we swept back to the right side of the road and started back for the photographer's dark room in New Haven to see what success we had had.

Then we heard a police whistle.

The Man Nobody Likes

"Get over there," said an officer through his open car window. The fender of his car forced us over.

When we had stopped he got out, with his hand on his gun, and stepped up to us.

"What are you fellows doing out here on the road like this?" he demanded.

Quietly my photographer took from his pocket his New York City police card, signed by Commissioner Mulrooney. It showed that he was an accredited news photographer. That card worked magic, even in Connecticut. The hand went off the gun.

"Reporters," said the policeman, relieved. "What are you guys doing? You scared that truck driver to death. He telephoned that hijackers were after him. What's the big idea? Why did you want a flashlight of him?"

"Do you know what that truck carries?" one of us asked.

"Why, no."

"Did you see the name on the side of it? That firm was pinched and fined the other day."

"No, I didn't."

"That's a sweatshop truck. It runs between Connecticut and New York. It's carrying the goods that girls sew on for two dollars a week and less, to New York, where the sweatshop laws don't allow wages like that."

"A sweatshop truck! I know about 'em. Why didn't you guys use a gun instead of a camera? Best of luck! So long."

"And say," one of the camera men said in parting, "if the guy who owns the truck doesn't like the picture, tell him we've got a photograph of a check for sixty-five cents that he gave a girl for one week's work in his sweatshop. Ask him how he likes that. So long."

The photograph of the sweatshop truck appears among others with this article; so does the photograph of that now famous sixty-five-cent check.

The signer of that check was old Carmine Vanacore, an Italian. He was head of a little New Haven company consisting of members of the Vanacore family and named for Yale University. It owned and operated the sweatshop truck, and the sweatshop that produced its loads.

Old Carmine Vanacore and his staff might have been brainy enough to cheat working girls out of decent wages, but they were just out of luck when they named his sweatshop for Yale University. He probably didn't stop to think that old "Dewy" Cross, one of the toughest professors and deans that Yale ever knew—as any Yale man will tell you—was governor of the state of Connecticut, with power enough to crush any sweatshop in sight.

Across the Yale campus, from one side of New Haven to the other, tramped Vanacore's factory girls, very early every morning before the young students of political economy and other subjects were having their coffee. By the time the young gentlemen settled themselves down for the day to be educated into leadership in American economic, social and financial life, Vanacore's girls were bent over their sewing machines, well along toward the middle of a driving ten hours or more of work.

Once a week, or at even longer intervals, across this same campus, and under the evening shadows of Yale's fine old buildings, these girls would drag their weary feet and aching backs, with checks for the work of a week or more in their cheap little handbags. They were always little checks, very little checks. You couldn't call them wages; at least not in these United States. They were just very small sums—sixty-five cents for a week's work; $1.57 for fifty-five hours' work; three cents an hour or less; a Chinaman's wages. No, you couldn't call them wages.

Wages in Name Only

The Vanacores knew that they had to pay the girls something. You couldn't make people work for nothing as long as they would stand it and then kick them out and tell them to go to hell. The law in Connecticut doesn't let a man do that. There's a fine of fifty dollars for failing to pay wages. A girl could complain to the police if you paid her *nothing*. You must pay her *something*—just a very little. And then you could safely and legally tell the girls that if they didn't like the wages, they "could get the hell out and stay out." It just happens that there's no law against *that*, in Connecticut; though there probably will be, now that the old Yale professor, Wilbur L. Cross, in the governor's chair, has uncovered the sweatshop situation in his state and has got mad about it.

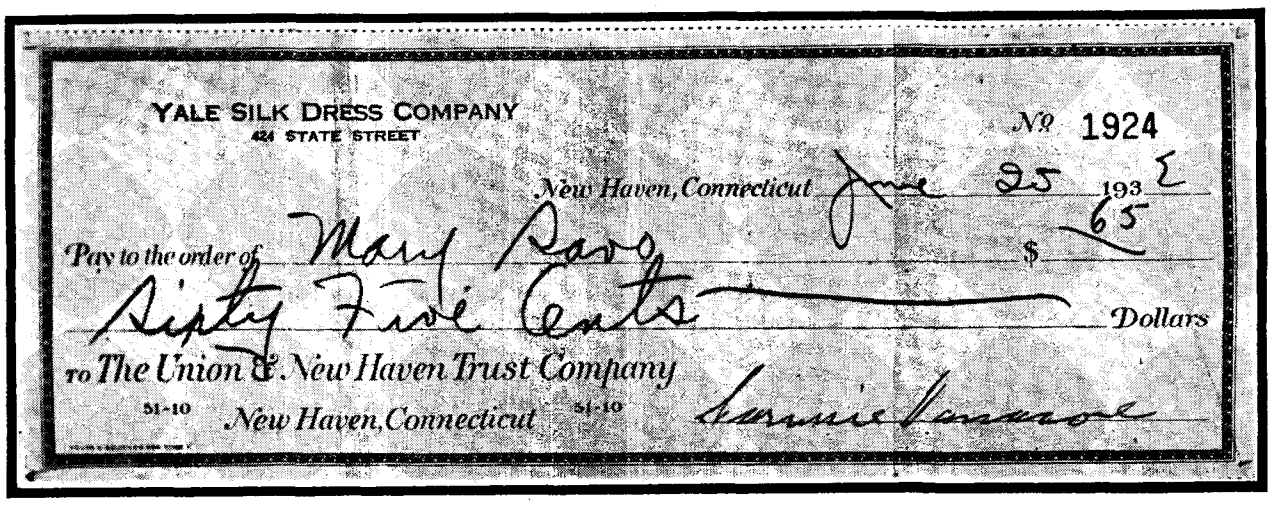
And I'm not saying that Governor Cross picked on the Yale Dress Company just because it was named for Yale. Old man Vanacore and his tribe were not, by a long way, the cruelest sweatshop operators among the six hundred or more that have recently settled in Connecticut. They were angels, compared with certain others. Later on you'll read about some of them who must have started out in life by stoning blind puppies or kicking kittens to death and have been gradually perfecting themselves in cruelty ever since.

No, old man Vanacore and his concern were not the cruelest, by any means; but they were among the first of the incredibly cruel tribe to be discovered. They were among the first to bring the law down on the "human labor racket."

It was like this; I'll tell Mary Savo's story as she told it to me:

"I used to be a fancy sewer in a handkerchief factory here in New Haven.

Joseph M. Tone, Connecticut Commissioner of Labor. At the left are the Savo sisters, Irene, left; Mary and Bridget


YALE SILK DRESS COMPANY
424 STATE STREET
No 1924
New Haven, Connecticut June 25 193 E
Pay to the order of Mary Savo
$ 65
Sixty Five Cents
Dollars
To The Union & New Haven Trust Company
51-10 New Haven, Connecticut 51-10

The check issued to Mary Savo in payment for a week's work

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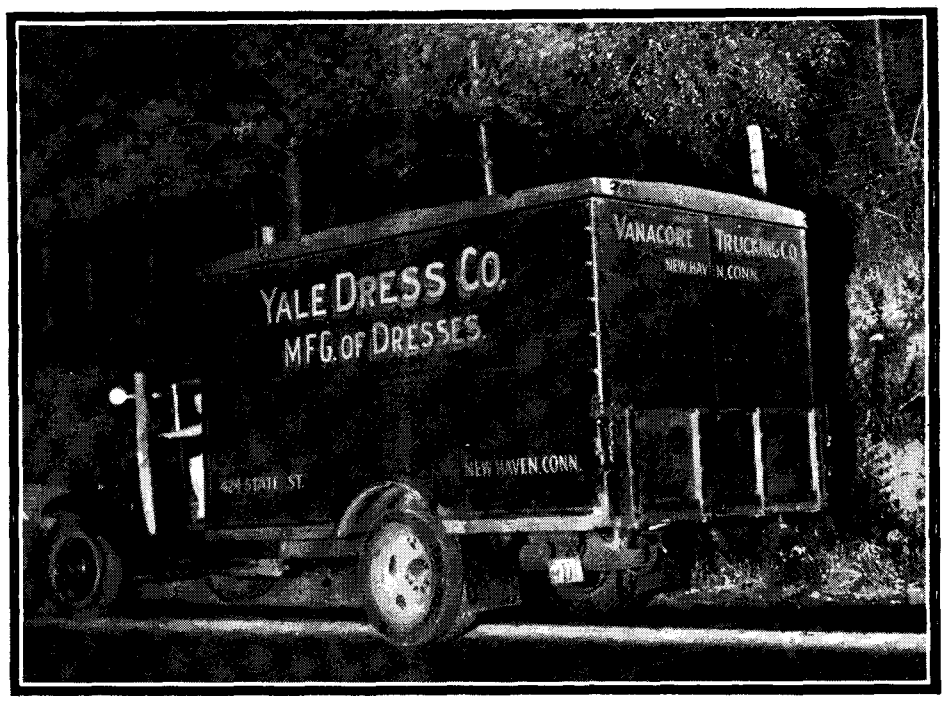
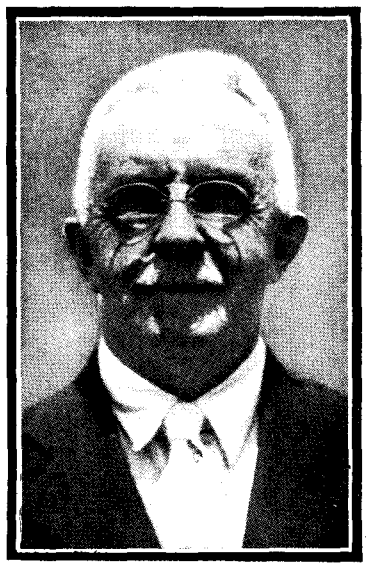


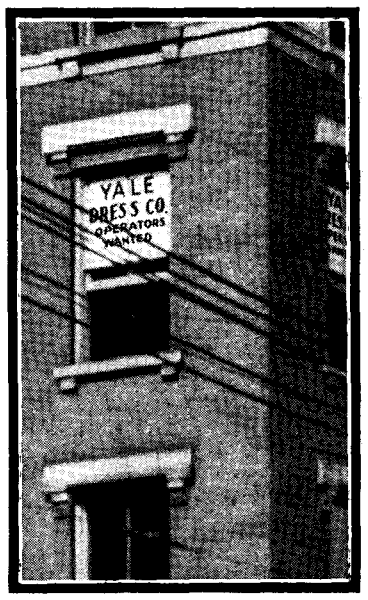
This truck was engaged in hauling finished dresses, by night, from a New Haven shop to New York

Governor Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut, who has taken the preliminary steps toward removal of the sweatshop evil in his state



Acme

Below, the second-story workshop of the Yale Dress Company in New Haven, the first concern to be investigated by labor officials



It was a good place, but it failed. I heard they wanted girl operators at the Yale Dress Company's place, so I went over there. I had been out of work for five months and I needed a job.

"Well, you know how it sounds these days when you ask for a job and hear someone say, 'Why, sure. You can sit down right now at a machine, if you want to, and go to work!'

"They said that to me at the Yale place. Boy, did I go to work! I barely asked how much they paid, and then sat down to work sewing dresses. They told me my wages would depend on how much work I did.

"After I had worked a week, got up in the morning at six, walked a mile to the factory to start at seven, walked two miles to home and back for lunch and then a mile back home at night, I asked for my pay.

"The next day they gave me a check for sixty-five cents. When I started to complain a woman told me I was only a learner. I took the check home to my father and he got mad."

Tony Savo did get mad, in truth. Tony doesn't speak very good English and he hadn't been able to keep his wife and three daughters going without the help of the daughters; but for many years he has been working in a humble job for one of the old, established manufacturing firms of New Haven.

And to his boss, head of the great firm, Tony took the sixty-five-cent check. That very simple deed of Tony's ultimately started the tanks of Governor Cross' law army in movement against Connecticut's new sweatshops. Tony had the right kind of boss. This gentleman was madder than Tony about the check.

And he saw to it that Governor Cross heard about it. It seems that Governor Cross, early in his term, had selected as his commissioner of labor a young man named Joseph M. Tone, who knew a good deal about labor. The governor desired of young Mr. Tone that he take action immediately against sweatshops. That action is now duly under way, vigorously so. It has even in some cases extended to the kicking in of locked sweatshop doors and other direct action.

"You haven't the right kind of laws because sweatshops are new in Connecticut," said the governor, in effect, "and we weren't ready for them. But do the best you can and we'll ask the next legislature for laws, like those of New York State, which will kick this business out of the state."

John Donlan, one of Governor Cross' bodyguards, who is a deputy factory inspector, was personally shouldered with the job of handling the dress factory named for Yale. Having been a professional football player, the handling of a sweatshop was a simple matter to him. He had warrants against Vanacore and others in the firm for employing girls overtime and for employing minors without school certificates.

A Wholesale Exposure

"I had to put my shoulder to the door," Donlan told me, "but I got it opened."

And so the Vanacores got into court, and, for the want of proper sweatshop laws similar to those of states which have had to fight sweatshops, escaped with a total fine of only one hundred and thirty dollars.

But the Vanacore case started the tanks moving. First, the press charged. There is not a newspaper of note in any town in Connecticut large enough to support a sweatshop that has not attacked the new evil, in editorials, articles or sensational exposés of sweatshop life. And then, after that, the girls themselves, working for ten cents a week, perhaps as learners, or for $1.50 a week or $2 a week (a good sweatshop wage) or for whatever the boss wanted to give them, got under headway. They suffered for many months, in silence, under this ghastly new evil. What's a woman who needs a job to do? Kick—and lose the job? But the newspapers gave them courage; told them the whole thing was wrong. And very soon, in this town and that, where the sweatshoppers had started in business, committees of girls went to police stations, to city prosecutors, to county prosecutors and to other officials with amazing stories of injustice and cruelty.

And thus the whole story, beginning with the Vanacore case, of what has been happening in the world of women's factory labor in Connecticut came to light. The thing's a record-breaker. It rose quickly, it is now at full swing, but the chances are it will end quickly. It's certain that nothing like it has ever before come to public knowledge in the United States. It could have arisen only when the depression was deep, but there *are* certain things that we can't allow to happen, even in depressions. This was one of them.

About ten thousand women and girls, more or less, who until recently thought they were helpless and without champions, have suffered from time to time from a cruelty and selfish heartlessness almost unbelievable. This army of women and girls, under this new form of sweatshop system, have made garments which have been sold, at extremely low prices, many of them in fly-by-night stores of the bargain or receivers' sale variety, throughout the United States. They made dresses, lingerie, men's shirts, beach pajamas, bathrobes, cloaks, children's garments and other cotton goods. The cheaper these goods were the surer they were to have been made in one of the six hundred or more sweatshops that have sprung up in the state of Connecticut and which are now being weeded out by Governor Cross and Labor Commissioner Tone.

You do not get a fair picture of what has recently been taking place in Connecticut by merely multiplying the Vanacore sweatshop by six hundred. The Vanacores, as I have said, were not the worst.

The fact is that the Vanacore plant, with its own nifty truck with the name of the firm brilliantly painted on its sides, was one of the lesser offenders. It had a fixed pay day, at least. Time cards with the names of employees were kept and there was a written pay roll, together with bank records of payments.

Let's look at a firm that had no regular pay day at all. In Middletown a company was making women's coats, which sold, at retail, at about thirty-five dollars.

A girl would come to this plant and ask for a job—and get it, instantly.

"They never even asked me my name or my age," testified one girl when Commissioner Tone dragged this institution into court. "They just put me to work. All they wanted to know was whether I was experienced."

Pay day in this place came for a girl when, finally, in desperation, she made bold to tell her employer that she must have some money.

The employer would reach into his trousers pocket and pull out a handful of change. He might ask a girl how long she had worked or how many cloaks she had sewn, or he might not. It all seemed to depend on his mood.

Seventy Cents a Week

He would hand out the cash, according to his whim. Many such employers paid in cash in this way. The girl took what the boss gave her—and shut up. One defenseless woman with two children received $1.40 for two weeks' work in such a place. Fifty cents, seventy-five cents, sixty-nine cents for the work of from four to ten days were payments that were uncovered by Tone's inspectors.

Girls of from fourteen to sixteen worked illegally long hours in the Middletown factory and were not asked to show working permits given by school officials. It was the enterprise of the newspapers in telling of sweatshop conditions that gave the girls in this sweatshop the courage to organize a committee among themselves. This committee of sixteen girls went to police headquarters in Middletown to complain of low wages and long hours. Up to the time the newspapers had first spoken out against the evil the girls had not known what to do.

The courtroom was packed the day the three men of the firm were hauled before the judge. Yes, they had moved to Connecticut, where there were no anti-sweatshop laws, from the state of New York, where such laws are strict and are well enforced.

(Continued on page 34)

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What can a Father do?

It takes quite a system to manage four daughters. Mr. Woodbridge now has only three

By Lucian Cary

SPIKE O'DONNELL disappeared in June and I did not see him for months. But one evening in September I found him in the same old place eating a steak of the sort you seldom meet outside of Chicago, where they have first choice.

The O'Donnell was tanned, as if he had spent the summer in the sun. Now and again he paused as he ate to feel the lobe of his left ear tenderly between his finger and thumb.

"What's the matter with your ear?" I asked. When he quit feeling it I saw that there was a hole through it as neat as if he had used a ticket punch, but much larger. "I see," I said. "You're getting ready to wear a ring in it."

"Four daughters," Spike O'Donnell said, "is too many for a man to keep track of, let alone—"

"What can a father do nowadays?" I asked.

"He can do plenty," Spike O'Donnell said. "If he has the money and don't mind spending it he can do plenty. Did you ever hear of the Woodbridge girls?"

"We print their pictures in the rotogravure section every time we have the slightest excuse," I said. "But we don't get many excuses. They seem to be very quiet girls who never break into the news except for the one who—"

"Listen," Spike O'Donnell said, "and I will tell you the inside story of that."

"Tell the inside story of that hole in your ear," I said.

"That's all right about my ear," Spike O'Donnell said. "I'll come to that."

THIS Woodbridge got me out to his place at Lake Forest last June. He's a big shot, so I just listened while he explained the set-up. He has four daughters and they have no mother. Mary is the eldest and she's only twenty-two. Then there's the twins, Lisa and Linda. And finally there's Sarah. She's about eighteen.

"Now," this Woodbridge says, "these four daughters of mine are all beautiful. And what is more," he says, "they are all properly brought up. Other girls may run around to speakeasies and dance places with young men their families know nothing about, but not my daughters. But lately one or two things have happened that make me uneasy," he says. "A professor," he says, "has fallen for my daughter, Mary, and if there is anything I do not like," he says, "it is professors."

"They never make any money," I says.

"And that," he says, "is not the worst of it. I do not like the type," he says. "I am for men who do things," he says. "I am for men with initiative and aggressiveness, with some gimp to them," he says. "I am for the men who make history and for the men who write it," he says. "Professors may be all right in their place," he says, "though I doubt it. But their place," he says, "is not being my son-in-law. I would rather Mary married some up-and-coming man whose family nobody ever heard of and who might have to learn which fork to use than some pale and prissy professor with no nerve," he says.

"Now," he says, "I have explained all this to Mary and I think I got it across," he says. "Anyhow, the situation is this: My sister, who has always chaperoned the girls since their mother died, has had to take a quick trip to Europe. I am so busy I do not know whether I am afoot or a-horseback. My daughters are going as usual to our island off the Maine coast for the summer. I may get there by the first of August and I may not," he says.

"Now," he says, "what I wish you to do is to go to the island with my daughters and see that no young men have the temerity to land in my absence. And especially this Professor Higgins," he says. "You will have my authority to push any visiting strangers off the dock."

"I see," I says.

"IF IN doubt," he says, "push them off the dock and ask who they are afterwards."

"I get you," I says.

"As a matter of fact," he says, "there will be no necessity for such action. If this professor should show up you will merely have to give him a harsh look and he will fade away."

"Have you got a picture of him?" I asks.

"No," he says, "I have not. But he is a young chap. In fact, he is so young that I do not know how he got to be a professor."

"What is his full name?" I says.

"His full name is William B. Higgins," he says, "and he is professor of economics at the University of Minnewaska. He is fairly tall, fairly slim, fairly blond and you might take him for one of his own students."

So I said I would take the job, and I will say one thing for this Woodbridge and that is his daughters were just as handsome and just as well mannered as he thought they were. So we all went down to Maine.

They had a nice place. The island was about twelve miles from shore and there were so many rocks that you could not land a boat any place except in a cove in front of the house where they had a dock. The house was well back on the high point of the island. It was made of logs, with a big living-room two stories high that had a balcony across one end. There were little balconies on the outside, too. It was what they call a Swiss-style cottage. But it was no cottage. It was a big house, with everything you would find in the city except a telephone.

Every morning the chauffeur drove to the mainland in the motor boat to get the mail and groceries. Getting day-before-yesterday's Chicago papers was all the excitement there was. The rest of the time you could sit on the dock by the boathouse and maybe see a fisherman going by a mile away and maybe not.

There was a fellow who fished for lobsters around the island. He had a line of pots. Each pot had a line on it with a piece of two-by-four on the end of it to mark it. But he never come near enough to say hello.

I would sit on the dock after the mail came in the morning and read the Chicago Tribune. Then in the afternoon I would take a stroll around the island. But there was nothing to see except rocks and waves beating on them. Sometimes the girls would kid me about always sitting on the dock and looking toward the mainland as if I expected somebody which they said was no use. They were nice girls.

THE caretaker was a fellow named Murphy. He and I got along fine. He made the best home-brewed beer I ever drank. The house had one of these fancy burglar alarm systems. I was supposed to lock up at nine o'clock every night. After that nobody could open a window or a door on the ground floor without ringing the alarm unless he had a key for the alarm. I was the only one who had a key. So after I locked up I used to go down to the boathouse and drink beer and play cards with Murphy till maybe eleven o'clock and then we would walk up to the house and I would let us both in.

Murphy came in one morning bringing the mail and a young fellow in overalls with a couple of iron tanks. They were tanks from the Bascom Bottled Gas Company for the kitchen range. Murphy and this chap wrestle those tanks out on the dock and wheel them up to the house on a hand truck. I sit there and wonder when this young professor the boss doesn't like is going to show up, if ever, and I think that if Mary Woodbridge is really interested in the guy she has told him there is a fellow from Chicago waiting for him and he will not show up.

It takes Murphy and this mechanic about two hours to get those gas tanks up the hill and hooked up and then they come down with the empty tanks and load them into the motor boat and Murphy takes him back to the mainland.

But about two days later Murphy brings him back again with two more tanks. And I think this is not quite right. So I stroll up to the house and watch this guy. He seems to know how to handle them tanks. I ask him what was the matter that all the gas leaks out. And he just shakes his head.

So I stand there and watch him hooking up those tanks for a while and, after all, it is none of my affair, so I stroll on. And as I stroll I think there is something funny about that bird. I have a hunch. So I stroll back, keeping behind the little evergreen trees. And I see Mary out there talking to this guy who hooks up gas tanks as if they were old friends. Murphy is nowhere in sight.

So pretty soon this gas-tank mechanic and Mary sort of stroll off toward the little pines where I am standing, and when they get pretty close to me where they cannot be seen from the house he puts his arm around her and kisses her and she puts both arms around his neck and kisses him. At first I cannot hear what they are saying. I can only get that they are having some kind of argument. But finally I hear him say, "You really believe that just because I am a professor I am the kind of person your

When her sisters come down for

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their usual swim Mary gets into the dory and rows out to this buoy and pulls the lobster pot

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

father thinks I am." And she says, "Of course not." And he says, "Yes, you do, darling. You may wish you didn't but you do."

That's all I hear. But that is enough. So I walk back to the dock by a roundabout way. When this guy comes back to get aboard the boat I am waiting for him. I stepped up close and I says, "Professor Higgins, my lad, this will be about all from you," I says. "The next time you show up with a pair of gas tanks I will take pleasure in throwing you off the dock," I says.

He grins at me. "You sound positively vicious," he says.

"That's all right," I says. "You heard me."

SO MURPHY took him over to the mainland. When Murphy come back I says to him, I says, "You're a hell of a Harp," I says. "You knew that guy was no bottled gas mechanic," I says. "What are you tryin' to do, double-cross me?"

Murphy kind of grins. "Well, now, Spike," he says, "you know I'm with you."

"All right," I says, "see that you don't forget yourself again," I says.

"All right, all right," Murphy says.

The next morning I was sittin' on the dock readin' the Tribune when Mary came down and took the chair alongside.

"I got a letter this morning, Spike," she said.

"I'm not surprised," I says.

"I've decided that you are a real detective," she says.

"Maybe I am," I says. "But by profession I am just a bodyguard. And my job is to throw this Professor Higgins off the dock the next time he shows up."

"And I think you're quite right," she says.

"Then," I says, "you are not in love with him."

"I wouldn't know," she says. "I am afraid not. But I find him very amusing."

So I sit there and wonder what she means by that and while I am sitting I see a lobster boat chugging along and it stops at a buoy and the man in the boat pulls a lobster pot.

"Oh," she says, "I have always wanted to pull a lobster pot and see what it is like."

So when her sisters come down in bathing suits for their usual swim Mary gets into the dory and rows out to this buoy and pulls the lobster pot. The line comes hard because a lobster pot with twenty pounds of cement in the bottom for an anchor is nothing for a slim young girl to heave out of deep water. But she does it.

When she comes back she tells me that it is hard work but she thinks with practice she could learn to do it the way a real lobsterman does it. And I notice that every noon after that she goes out and pulls a lobster pot just for the exercise. But I could not see any harm in it.

SO EVERYTHING goes all right for about a week and there doesn't seem to be any need for any more gas tanks for the kitchen range and I have about decided that this guy Higgins is through and will not cause any more trouble. But one morning I wake up about daylight. I do not know what wakes me up. I do not know why I stay awake. So I get up and put on my clothes and go outside and stroll down toward the dock and I see a boat coming and I sit down behind a little evergreen tree and wait.

This boat comes to the dock and out steps a girl. There is a man in the boat. They have quite an argument. And then the girl starts up the hill and the boat moves off. I sit tight. When she goes by I see the girl is Mary and she is wearing an evening dress and evening slippers. And I watch to see how she gets in the house without starting the burglar alarm.

She walks around the house. I follow, keeping the little evergreen trees between me and her. She picks up a light ladder and puts it against a balcony and climbs up and pulls the ladder up after her and goes through the French window and into the house.

So I went back to bed. The next morning when she came down to swim with Lisa and Linda and Sarah I beckoned to her. She come over and sat down beside me.

"Listen," I says. "Last night I had a funny dream. I dreamed that a girl who had been to a dance come to the dock in a boat and walked up the hill and around the house and found a ladder and climbed up on the second-story balcony and went into the house."

"How strange you Irish are," she says. "You see visions, don't you?"

"Yes," I says.

"Well," she says, "I do not know what to say."

"No," I says, "I can imagine you don't. But I know what to say," I says. I reached around and pulled my gat and held it on my knee.

"Oh," she said, "do you really carry a gun?"

"Yes," I said, "I carry a gun."

"Let me see it," she said.

So I took all the shells out of it and showed her how the gun worked.

"What caliber is this gun?" she asked.

"It is a .38 special," I says.

"Did you ever shoot anybody with it?" she asks.

"Yes, Miss Woodbridge," I says, "I have. And I will do it again if necessary."

"Oh," she says, "I don't think shooting is ever justifiable except in self-defense."

"No," I says, "but if a man won't do what you tell him to you gotta shoot."

"But you wouldn't shoot Mr. Higgins," she says.

"Not unless I have to," I says. "And so I am sending your father a wire asking him to come here immediately."

"Yes," she says, "if you feel it is your duty you must wire my father."

SO I wrote out a wire to Mr. Woodbridge, saying to come at once because the situation was getting serious. I got an answer the next morning saying he would arrive late that night or early in the morning and to have Murphy take the boat over to the mainland and wait for him. I showed this answer to Mary.

She looked at me and smiled a little smile and nodded.

I sat on the dock watching the four girls take their swim. And I saw Mary get into the dory and row over to that lobster buoy and pull the pot. I sat there thinking and asking myself why that girl likes to pull lobster pots, which is hard work.

So after the girls go up to the house for lunch I get into the dory and I row out to that buoy and pull that lobster pot and I see there was nothing in it except a ginger-ale bottle. So just for luck I open the door on the top and take out that bottle and I see there is a piece of paper in it. So I take out the cork and fish the piece of paper out and I read: "Darling: Father is coming here late tonight or very early tomorrow

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The damsels who thrilled Grandfather from beaver to button-boots, and the somewhat lighter-rigged models of our own era

Revised Version

By John B. Kennedy

Discarding the more ancient of its gags and most (if not all) of its clothes, burlesque has burst into new popularity. The police have helped, of course. And the pulpit has given impetus to the vogue. And here it is. Mr. Kennedy, in his capacity of social investigator, takes you to the show

THE young woman was apologetic, although there was no need for that. She had torn her flowered summer gown, she explained, on one of those nails that lurk about to do just such damage. The rent revealed more of her legs than she cared to show; but I told her that if she could endure the hardship, I could.

"I never had anything like the schooling I should like to have had," she said in a tone almost as attractive as her teeth, gleaming without the helpful contrast of lipstick. "If I hadn't had to get out and make a living when I was seventeen I'd like to have gone all the way through high school and college."

Her wide brown eyes went on guard as her interviewer smiled. So shapely a blonde of the platinum persuasion would have added one more subject to the curriculum on any co-ed campus.

"I mean it," she protested. "I don't read many books. But those I do read I understand. I keep up with the magazines, and when there's time I go to see a really good show—like Grand Hotel or Mourning Becomes Electra."

At this point the lady declined a cocktail.

"Never care for them," she said. "The most I go for is a glass or two of beer."

So she went for the glass or two of beer.

"I'll have to get back a little early," she said, again glancing at the revealing dress-rent. "That has to be mended. We've got a wardrobe mistress, but I like fixing up my own things."

She sipped beer, daintily ate a T-bone steak and talked about politics. Her information was meager but her opinions were positive.

"I don't care who wins the election," she said, "so long as they reduce the income tax. I had the darndest time last March. It was the first time I had to pay, and it made me ill going through those figures and paying that money."

The steak disposed of, she had a piece of apple pie.

"Good?" she was asked, on finishing.

"Fair," she said, smiling a testimonial. "But I can bake better pies myself."

Sensing skepticism, she asserted:

"It's true. A pie I baked when I was sixteen won a prize at a church fair in my home town in Pennsylvania. It was a lemon meringue pie."

As proof she recited her prescription for lemon meringue. It called for a good deal of work with an egg-beater, work of which her strong but not too large hands seemed capable.

"Heavens," she gasped, glancing at a jeweled wrist watch. "I must get going to mend this dress before the night shift begins."

Gentlemen, Keep Your Seats

She moved through the restaurant, a fine figure of a young woman, at whom eyes, mostly male, stared in wonder. But for the too-vivid platinum hair they might not have stared so much and would have wondered much less. Even with the platinum hair they would have been surprised to learn that the young woman was one of the most popular "strippers" in burlesque.

This candid technical term defines a candid calling, exemplified by the lady when her act was observed an hour or two later. Before a packed theater of patrons of the arts, most of whom were in their shirt sleeves and many of whom smoked indefensible cigars, the lady appeared. To an Oriental scherzo by a seven-piece orchestra that had a good memory for music it wasn't playing, she stepped from a dais centered in green and purple and azure hangings. About it lay clusters of unclad females. Evidently a harem scene.

She advanced down stage. Bright, clinging veils revealed her limbs and jewels she wore, as a perspiring electrician played lights upon her. Strutting to stuttering music, she cast off the veils, one by one, until she stood, a white, voluptuous figure, clad only in brassière, girdle and sandals. This seemed to be the logical climax of the dance. But the boys out front knew better. As lights gradually faded their applause gradually quickened. They shouted. The lights grew to give the swaying, writhing dancer an exotic allure.

The lights dimmed. More strutting and swaying. On the darkened stage only the gleam of lolling forms and the pale figure of the dancer sidling to the wings. Another crash from the pit and she vanished, with a bright flash in her wake as she waved the jeweled girdle.

The patrons of the arts were enthusiastic. They stamped and cheered until the lady reappeared in a gaudy kimono and took her bow. Unsatisfied, they brought her back, smiling gayly and bowing. Unsatisfied she left them, her service to art for that night completed, with the approbation of a box office whose injunction was "never give 'em too much or they won't come back for more."

For this familiar high spot of every modern burlesque show there are many other terms than art; but since the police of thirty different cities tolerate it under that head what can less authoritative students of the esthetic do but let it go at that?

You who may be young enough to have missed old-fashioned burlesque—without missing much—may attend the newer burlesque, without getting much, save a better break at the box office than at the five-fifty shows with a little more color and a little less frankness.

Warming Up an Old Mixture

They call these ticket-scalpers' pets "revues" — after the French. The cheaper burlesque is so-called—after the French. Both are so far after the French that they'll never catch up. For when the French stage a revue it's really a review, a sight of something more than limbs and lubricity. The Folies Bergère and Paris Casino, for all their parade of oversized and underclothed ladies, contain at least a hint of lively political parody. The same with French burlesque—a burlesque show in the country that originated the term is really a series of farcical mockeries of serious, or at least sensible, plays. That idea was imported to America two generations or so ago when Weber and Fields played real burlesque. To pace and vary their parodies on successful plays of the day they introduced

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Never Trust a Flower

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Wallace Irwin

IF PERCIVAL ZORN had been a drinking man he might not have told me this; for liquor, as often as not, makes people secretive. But Percy's one of your steady-going actors, who play long engagements and seem to be satisfied with one divorce. Yesterday when he appeared at my apartment I reached mechanically for the whisky bottle, because he looked so worn and different from his handsome self. "Tea," he requested weakly, and when he had swallowed a cup, scalding hot, I laughed at the bunch of forget-me-nots he wore in his lapel.

"Memorial flowers," he said wearily; then his famous eyes brightened feverishly as his nervous hand passed out the cup. "Of course you know about Minerva Hollister," he went on. "Minerva Hollister and me." He gestured impatiently. "You don't know a thing about her—and me."

"I know that you're called the luckiest guy—"

"Yeah. Minerva Hollister, the best bet on Broadway with her Bonfire Dance. She burns 'em alive, and they like it. She burned me alive—no sugar, thank you. For two years Minnie's been so successful that she's had just two addresses, New York and Hollywood. That's been about my beat too—"

"Because you're the luckiest—"

"YEAH." Again the expressive hand was up. "How long ago did we get interested in each other? Let's see. June, 1931, when I got back from doing Little Guns on the road. Minnie, you know, has lived for a long time in the same apartment, down on West Seventy-second Street. She gave a party—the usual thing, theatrical people trying to look natural in private. Up to then I'd always thought of Minnie as an exotic, a stage baby born in a dressing-room and raised under a spotlight. Maybe that's why she hadn't attracted me; I began life as a farm boy and I've always had a sneaking desire to get back to the places where things grow as God intended them to, under the sun.

"No, I never put much stock in Minnie, up to that night. But I stuck around after the party and got a look into her heart. You know Minnie's apartment—the little conservatory, behind glass doors, at the end of the long room?"

"Yes," I said. "Window boxes and jars and pots, always something blossoming. Minnie had—has a wonderful way with flowers."

"That night I noticed it for the first time. Early summer flowers. Stocks and verbenas, sweet-williams and old-fashioned pinks, growing there as if they were in a country garden a thousand miles from Broadway. My mother used to have an old-fashioned garden, and my father used to say, 'Flowers grow for a sweet woman.' I told this to Minnie Hollister, and it made her cry. 'People think I'm hard,' she said, 'and that's because they don't know. I must always have my garden here. It seems to make up for something I've missed. My flowers seem to know me. I'm the only one who ever touches them.'

"Sitting there in negligee, her dark hair a little wild, her eyes melancholy, I began to see what she really was. . . .

"The night we decided to get married we were sitting in front of her little garden, behind the glass doors. 'We'll be married in the spring', I said, 'as soon as I get back from that London engagement. Let's hunt up a little place around Great Neck, say, where you can have flowers all around you—think of the whole side of a house covered with Dorothy Perkins roses!' Even now I can hear her beautiful voice saying, 'That would be heaven.'

"Seeing Minnie in her Bonfire Dance, it's hard to think of her, isn't it, as just a wife or a housekeeper? But I knew what she wanted.

"We'll be married in the spring," I said, "as soon as I get back"

"THE night before I left for London she gave me a farewell party, and was a different sort of Minnie from the one I knew. It was her public appearance. Cutting up, you know, showing her Broadway pals that she was the original Bonfire Dancer. When she's that way you wouldn't think there was a sincere spot in her entire body. Henry F. Zebb—he took over her management last year—was all over the place, bald and fat and plastered. You'd have thought he owned her. I caught him looking into her garden and wheezing, 'Minnie always gets nice effects.' I could have knocked his block off for that. How could he know what that garden meant to her and to me?

"Well, yesterday I got back from London. Minnie and I are neither of us much on writing, but we had sent some letters back and forth. I'd spent about a hundred dollars telephoning, too; but you know that way isn't very satisfactory. When the Majestic got into port I cleared the customs like a madman and rushed to her apartment. Nobody answered the bell for a long time. Then Esther, that dumb colored girl, met me at the door. 'Miss Hollister done gone,' she said, 'but she left you this note.'

"That note was brief and to the point. Just said that she'd gone to California to marry Harry Zebb; he'd promised to star her, and she hoped I'd be happy.

"I don't know what came over me, but I wanted to get into that apartment. As if that would make any difference. I pushed past Esther, into the living-room. It was a terrible jumble. Men were packing the furniture for moving; workmen were lifting out the window boxes, full of spring flowers, violets and tulips and primroses. Even then, wild as I was, I thought of it as a desecration, their coarse hands mauling her garden.

"'Where are you taking them?' I asked the man who seemed to be foreman.

"'Back to the shop,' he said.

"'Shop?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he said. 'F. Demerest & Co., Artificial Flowers and Theatrical Effects. We've been supplying them to her, four sets to suit the seasons, for the past two years. Too bad she's moving.'"

Percival Zorn looked at me and I at him. Then, with a gesture as fateful as his smile, he took the forget-me-nots from his buttonhole and tossed them in the wastebasket.

"Memorial flowers," he said with the brave, disciplined smile of an actor. "They're artificial, too. I bought them this morning at the five-and-ten."

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

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No Liberty without Jails

By Don Marquis

"WHAT I'm lookin' forward to," said the Old Soak recently, "is seein' the Constitution of the U. S. all cleaned up again durin' the next few years—fumigated and disinfected, and that Eighteenth Commandment took out of it like a grease spot out of a vest. Then the Elders and Peetryarchs that turned the Constitution over to us all clean and sanitary can rest easy in their tombs oncet more. Some of 'em must 'a' been turnin' over so fast the last ten years that they looked like squirrels in these here revolvin' cages, especially them that liked their toddy. An' if there was one of 'em that didn't like his toddy, hist'ry is silent about his name.

"LIQUOR is all bound up with the great days of this fair land of ourn. It was settled by people from all over Europe that didn't like the liquor they was gettin' at home, or was payin' too much for it, or somethin'; and so they put a coupla barrels of the right stuff in their little ships and struck out acrost the boundin' deep in search of liberty. Christopher Columbus himself wasn't huntin' soda fountains; and the great emigration from the East to the West was started when whisky was only fifteen cents a gallon—you sent your wife or your little boy to the grocery store with a milk pail and a quarter, and her or him come back with enough to last over the Sabbath.

"AFTER a while these here Reformers got started, which was fellers that had dyspepsia onto their stomachs, and there wasn't no Bastilles to drop 'em into. One big mistake was made when this country was settled: the settlers forgot to bring Bastilles over with 'em. You can't have real liberty in a country without you got plenty of Bastilles to drop Reformers into; and it is my hope and trust that after that Commandment has been all washed up a movement will start to erect Bastilles everywheres, to protect decent, law-abidin' citizens from a return of Prohibition and Crime waves."

LOVE SONNETS OF A CAVE MAN

Reincarnated

Sweetheart, I love you now as I did love
When you and I were young with the young earth!
When first I gave your jaw a lusty shove,
And jabbed your slats in gladness and in mirth!
Since then, three hundred million afterglows
Have writ their transient comments on the sky,
A million winters dropped their weary snows,
A million springs have sung and sauntered by;
And here are we, with tankard and flesh again
Swilling and gorging the recurrent Feast,
Reeling with life among earth's reckless men,
Reincarnated Beauty, ageless Beast!
A Cave Man then, I dragged you by your hair,
A Cave Man still, I ha e you to my lair.

The First Meeting

You must remember, Sweet, that upland spot,
That windy meadow, where our loves began:
The crazy larks like singing arrows shot
Themselves in silver madness at the sun,
And sweet as laughter down a pebbly stream
The rippled dayspring flowed along the sky!
Love's newness held us in a wondering dream,
Till I rushed up and bashed your dewy eye
And wried your collar bones and carried you
In youth's red fervor, screaming, to my den
And there I beat you up and married you
And taught you all a woman needs to ken—
You love me for the next five million years,
Or else, my dear, I'll cauliflower your ears!

Farewell to Father

I always loathed your father, Darling Girl;
That shifty-eyed, that snipe-nosed, loose-lipped Hound,
Mud-witted liar, loafer, crook and churl—
It makes me ill to see him sticking 'round.
Ages agone I mildly spake to you
My inmost thoughts about that Bad Old Man.
Now gently this news I fain would break to you:
Last night I dumped him in the Garbage Can,
First bouncing him upon his simian dome
And somewhat shattering his aged spine.
We must preserve the Sanctity of Home
From all such low invaders, Love of Mine!
I want no In-Laws in Our Little Nest,
Nor Outlaws either, so the Can seemed best.

A Friendly Tip

When I come home at dawn from some Carouse,
Which I have needed for its Psychic Kick,
I want to see a dark and quiet house
With no Wife Waiting Up; that married trick
Of meeting one with sweet solicitude,
Forgiving smiles, and hints of recent weeping
Awakens something in me harsh and rude—
When I come home I want to find you sleeping!
This is a friendly tip, and not a threat:
I beat you but in moods of jollity.
My blows express that deep, primeval debt
Which manly strength still owes to woman's frailty.
You Red-haired Hellcat, wild and full of guile,
How quick you'd quit me were I meek a while!

I CAN remember back to the old days when it cost more to live in the United States and was worth more.

Jimmie Montague points out that there were a lot of bandits, such as Captain Kidd and Robin Hood, who couldn't possibly have gone wrong through the *influence of the moving pictures*. It couldn't have been cigarettes, either. That seems to eliminate everything but Dance Halls and Rum.

O. O. McIntyre tells the breathless world that I have a Spanish castle in Hollywood, with gorgeous awnings and a patio. Alas! All my castles are still in Spain. And them wasn't no awnings and patios you seen me walking with last Sunday, O. O.; them was my family.

There has not been enough genuine excitement in the recent campaign to bother what the doctors call a Nervous Case. There is no basic difference between the major parties; the donkey has a trunk and the elephant brays, and they get hay from the same manger.

ARCHY and Mehitabel are still plugging along valiantly, somewhere in Arizona. Archy reports that the seven platinum-blond kittens with which Mehitabel left Hollywood have now been reduced to two. He adds:

please tell me whether
a coyote is of the cat family or not
mehitabel has been very friendly lately
with a coyote
she says he has only a fatherly interest
she said the same thing in hollywood
and then came the kittens
the fifth one perished by the way
while trying to get milk
out of a cactus plant
i asked mehitabel today if she were
grieving for the other five
and she replied what other five
there is no doubt that mehitabel
has suffered a good deal
but one nice thing is that she does not
seem to remember it long.

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The Smith-McAdoo feud has dominated three national conventions and a decade of Democratic politics

The Man who Never Forgets

By Clinton W. Gilbert

WILLIAM G. McADOO is a man who has never denied himself the luxury of private enmities, thus violating one of the cardinal rules of politics. For the politician makes it his business to be friends with everybody. His arm, like Jim Watson's, falls affectionately about everybody's shoulders. Mr. McAdoo is the best-hated man in politics. We might make a list of his enemies, not by name—there is not space enough—but by categories.

There is, to begin at the beginning politically, Tammany Hall. There are Smith and the Smith element in the Democratic party. There are the bankers who were made angry by his subordinate, John Skelton Williams, who was Comptroller of the Currency when McAdoo was Secretary of the Treasury. There are the railroad men, who hate him for his management of the railroads when he was Director General of Railroads during the war. There are the big business interests generally, who regard him as radical.

The list might be lengthened. But it is already long enough to show that a great many persons are wondering just what part McAdoo will play in public life now that at the age of seventy he has staged a remarkable comeback in politics. For, at the very least, he controls the Democratic party in California, a state which ranks sixth in the number of electoral votes; he is an ally of Hearst, who is more important in national politics today than ever, and he played a leading part in bringing about Mr. Roosevelt's nomination in Chicago.

The way he played it was characteristic of Mr. McAdoo. He had an old score to settle with Al Smith, who blocked his nomination for President at the New York convention. When the deal was made to deliver the Garner delegates to Roosevelt, giving Roosevelt the necessary two-thirds majority, Mr. McAdoo himself took the platform to announce that California would shift its forty-four votes from Garner to the New York governor. He relished the opportunity of settling with an old enemy. Under the circumstances, any other politician would have remained in the background. McAdoo was going to be a candidate for senator from California, and Smith had just shown in the primary election that more than a quarter of the active Democrats in California were followers of his.

Too Good to Miss

The thing might have been done otherwise. California might have announced its vote from the floor without a speech from the platform by McAdoo. Or the Texas delegation, which had already voted in caucus to turn from Garner to Roosevelt, might have been allowed to make the first break, with California changing its vote to Roosevelt afterward. The part McAdoo and Hearst played in the deal would have been known, but some of the bitterness caused by McAdoo's making himself unnecessarily prominent might have been avoided.

But McAdoo is the kind of man who never lets prudence deprive him of the fullest satisfaction of paying off an old score.

There was considerable talk of a Cabinet post for McAdoo in well-informed quarters. But I doubt whether that prediction will be realized if Mr. Roosevelt is elected President, as at this writing he seems certain to be, even if Mr. McAdoo is not elected senator from California. Presidents forget their political debts when it is convenient to do so. Besides, the deal for California's votes was arranged with Hearst more than with McAdoo.

McAdoo would rate a place in a Democratic administration except for the enemies he has made. These enemies have twice prevented his nomination for the Presidency. Men with grudges against him worked their heads off at both the San Francisco and the New York conventions to keep votes from going to him.

Men with grudges control publicity and shape public opinion. Has anybody ever heard Mr. McAdoo called "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton?" Answer: a loud chorus of "Noes." Yet, if anyone since George Washington's Secretary of the Treasury ever "smote the rock of natural resources and abundant streams of revenue burst forth," it was precisely William G. McAdoo.

He raised the billions that the United States spent on the war and the $10,000,000,000 more that the United States lent to the Allies, and all in the course of a couple of years. As a bit of revenue-raising it is without parallel in history. And he left Mr. Andrew Mellon with such an "abundant stream of revenue" that Mr. Mellon could pay off the national debt at the rate of nearly a billion dollars a year and still reduce taxes.

But Mr. McAdoo had the unpopular task of increasing taxes to carry on what is now, in retrospect, at least an unpopular war. He was wise enough to insist that one third of the cost of the war should be met out of taxes instead of yielding to the temptation to take the easiest way, to borrow the whole outlay and shoulder the whole cost of the war upon succeeding generations. If he hadn't, in this time of small resources we should be staggering under the burden of paying about a billion dollars more interest a year on the national debt than we are now actually paying. This sounds as if I am an apologist for Mr. McAdoo, but I am not. I have always criticized him.

A Lean and Dangerous Man

When he sought the nomination for President, I thought he would make a dangerous President. I think a man so personal in his attitude, so given to cherishing enmities, is a dangerous man in public life. Imagine a President with Mr. McAdoo's capacity for hatred amid the passions of the Civil War!

But Mr. McAdoo did more than finance the war while he was Secretary of the Treasury. When it became evident that the railroads had to be taken over by the government during the war to handle the traffic in war materials and in men, he was made Director General of Railroads. Whatever may be thought of his management of the railroads, he accomplished the results for which he was appointed. He is ruthless. He has the capacity to see the one end in view and go straight to it without regard to consequences. He has a great gift of accomplishment.

At seventy he stands straight as an Indian, to which race, on account of his temperament, he is often compared. He is over six feet tall, lean, hatchet-faced, and looks about fifty-five years old. A power in the Democratic party once more, he has an undiminished capacity for arousing animosity.

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The author of this extraordinary football story was an extraordinary football player (Brown, tackle, 1924). This is the way things really happen when the whistle blows

He could take it

By Quentin Reynolds

THE train roared through the night, bound for New York. It was filled with boisterous passengers who were coming from football games in Boston, Hanover, Providence and other New England gridiron centers. In the club car four men, chance acquaintances, sat chatting about games they had seen that afternoon. One of them seemed oddly quiet. He was a little man and there were lines of pain etched on his otherwise pleasant face. He was only half listening to the others.

The inevitable old grad was one of the four. He wore a small red feather in his hat and on his coat lapel. There was a miniature football attached to a red ribbon on which the words "State College" were emblazoned.

"There's no game like football," he cried rapturously, pouring ginger ale into a glass. "It's the most thrilling, the most glorious game ever known. It's glamorous. It's a hard game but a clean game—without any heartaches."

The little man smiled but it was a bitter smile. "What game did you see today?" he asked.

The old grad laughed. "I saw State play Wayne. It was the funniest game I ever saw."

"State has a nice team all right," the little man said half to himself.

"Yes, a swell team, but it isn't as good as last year's outfit. We miss Benny Burns all right. There was a boy that could play football. Talk about Red Grange, Jim Thorpe, Ernie Nevers and the rest of them all you want; I'll take Benny Burns. He could do everything with a football up to and including making it play The Stars and Stripes Forever on a saxophone. Did you ever see him play?"

The little man raised his head and smiled oddly. "I've seen him play."

"Now, there's an example of what football did for a boy. No one ever heard of Benny Burns four years ago. Today he's a household name. He's famous. He's as well known as Lindbergh. I wonder what he's doing now."

THE old grad sighed heavily. "I wish I had a boy of my own. I'd make a football player out of him. There's a game, gentlemen. I love it. There are no heartaches in football."

The little man looked at the old grad thoughtfully. He appeared to be trying to make up his mind. Then his face hardened. "You ask what Benny Burns is doing now? I'll tell you, mister. He's lying on a berth in a drawing-room two cars ahead nursing a broken heart. He's lying there wishing that he'd never heard of football and probably cursing his father for having taught him to play when he was a kid. That's what Benny is doing now, mister."

The old grad looked bewildered. "I don't understand."

"I may as well tell you," the little man said slowly. "Yes, if you'll bear with me. . . ."

Benny Burns [the little man began] wasn't born with a football in his arms as people have said. When Benny was two years old he hurled his milk cup at his delighted father, who then put an entry in a diary he kept: "Benny threw his first forward pass today." Benny's father had been a football fanatic when he was a college student. They used to say that he knew more football and played less than any man who ever put on a uniform. He was one of the brainiest quarterbacks they had ever had at State College, but he had just one fault: he couldn't take it. Not, mind you, that he was yellow, but during his college days he wouldn't have weighed one hundred and thirty with the Sunday papers under his arm, and in those days a one-hundred-and-thirty-pound football player was as useful as a last year's calendar. Then, too, he had a bad heart.

A FOOTBALL player with a bad ticker is like a limousine without a carburetor—it may look good, but it won't get very far. But Benny's father knew all the tricks. The football guide was his Bible and he stayed on the varsity squad during his college years, although he never got into a game. He used to help the head coach figure out defenses and he used to teach the regular backs how to start at a full run without having to waste the first five yards in gathering speed. Yes, sir, Benny's father should have been a great football player and in these days he would have been—but in 1900 a one-hundred-and-thirty-pound lad with a bad heart just didn't belong.

When he finished college Benny's father married and in the course of time prospered. He often spent part of the football season back at State helping Tim Lowry with his backs, and—

But let's get back to Benny. The old man was such a nut on football that he made plans to train the kid before the youngster could say his A B C's. He was going to be sure that his kid could "take it." When Benny was ten, the old man used to give him a football and set out a dozen stones five yards or so apart. Then he'd make the kid carry the ball and run full tilt at the first stone. When he got to it the kid had to swerve sharply around it and then, without slowing up in his stride, go on to the next stone. He learned to throw his hips this way and that, and he learned to keep his balance even while he was circling those stones.

The old man taught him how to fall

Ten yards to go and a gasp and sudden silence came down from was reeling. He had slowed to a walk, and Yale feet were

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the stands. Benny pounding behind him

without getting hurt. He taught him—well, the old man knew the tricks all right and he passed them all on to Benny.

The old man wouldn't let Benny play football in prep school—wanted the kid to get his growth before facing the hard knocks. When Benny first appeared as a freshman at State, Tim Lowry was waiting for him. He had learned all about Benny from the kid's father but he was disappointed when he saw the youngster. You know how small Benny was—he never weighed more than one hundred and forty-five.

"You're pretty small, kid," Lowry mused, looking the boy over.

"I'm pretty tough, too," Benny said calmly. He had been brought up in the belief that he was some day going to be a great football player and he didn't lack self-confidence.

"You look like you'd get hurt," Lowry said.

"I can take it," Benny told him.

Then Lowry turned Benny over to Spike Dolan, the freshman coach, and forgot him. Time enough to worry about Benny next year when he would be eligible for the varsity. The freshman team at State is often given the offense to be used by State's next opponent. The freshman team would sometimes don the jerseys worn by some State opponent and, equipped with its plays, scrimmage against the varsity.

IT WAS mid-season when Lowry got his next glimpse of Benny. The Harvard game loomed and scouts had brought back glowing reports of a smart Harvard team that had a bewildering lateral pass attack. The freshman eleven had to learn that attack and then spring it against the varsity.

Before the scrimmage session began Spike Dolan went up to Tim Lowry.

"Tim," he said, grinning, "I've got something to show you."

"Another gray hair?" Tim, accustomed to Dolan's extravagant praise of his freshman pupils, laughed.

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

"I've got a kid calling the signals for my team," Dolan said slowly, "who isn't yet quite as smart as Eckersall; he can't punt quite as far as Jim Thorpe; he isn't quite as accurate in drop-kicking as Charley Brickley was, and honest, Tim, I don't think he's harder to tackle than Red Grange was—but he has possibilities, Tim, he has possibilities."

"Who is he?" Tim asked.

"You'll find out in about four minutes," Dolan grinned.

It was just three minutes later that Benny took a lateral pass from a teammate to shoot fifty-five yards through a broken field to score a touchdown against the varsity. It was five minutes later that Benny tossed a forty-yard forward pass right into the waiting arms of his right end, who streaked down the field for another score. It was eight minutes later that Benny, after three line plays had been stopped by the now furious varsity, dropped back and, standing on the varsity forty-five-yard line, neatly kicked a goal—as pretty a drop kick as Lowry ever saw. Then Lowry motioned Dolan to take the kid out.

"Wrap that up in cotton and deliver it to me next fall," he snapped. "Let him work out but don't use him in games. He might fall and stub a toe. I'll be needing him during the next three years."

Dolan just glared at him. "I make this kid and now I can't use him."

"That kid was born—he wasn't made, Spike," and that ended the argument.

Benny didn't get much of a chance during his sophomore year except to raise a nice bunch of callouses sitting on the bench. Lowry was smart all right. He had a good quarterback in there, a senior who would have to be replaced next year, and that was the spot he was wanting to fill. Benny sat on the bench next to Lowry during the games, grumbling to himself because he wasn't allowed to go out there and show something. All unconsciously he was absorbing gridiron tactics. He didn't know it, but he was getting to think like Lowry—which was the coach's plan.

And the next year he arrived. Before the season opened Lowry was interviewed by a sports writer.

"Your team looks good on paper, Coach," the writer said, "but whom have you got for quarterback?"

"I got a kid named Benny Burns," Lowry said calmly. "You'd better remember that name because you'll be writing a lot about him from now on. When November comes around you'll be picking him for All-America. He can go through an open field like quicksilver running down a rock. He can throw a pass into a bushel basket at fifty yards. He can tackle like nobody I've seen since Eddie Casey. He can hit a line like Ernie Nevers. And is he fast? Gwan. Ask me is he fast."

"Is he fast?" the sports writer asked meekly.

"He can carry the mail," Lowry said simply. "Watch him Saturday."

This interview caused a sensation. Until then even the State student body hadn't heard much about Benny Burns. His fraternity brothers had often joshed Benny because he had never appeared in a game.

"Lowry is saving me," Benny would tell them.

"What for?" they'd ask.

"For the Junior Prom," Benny would say, not a bit discomfited by their gibes. They weren't cruel gibes, because Benny was a pretty swell kid and well liked. The players didn't kid Benny. They had worked with him and against him in practice and they knew he had something. Nobody knew how good he really was, though, except Lowry. Not even Benny.

Saturday came and the season opened. In that first game—against Allerton—Benny did everything a quarterback could do, and he did it all perfectly.

When Lowry pulled him out he slapped him on the back.

"YOU'RE a ball player, kid!" he said. "Go in and take a shower and don't get a swelled head when you see the newspapers tomorrow."

"Don't worry, coach," Benny grinned "I can take it."

It would be absurd to recount Benny's triumphs that year. He starred in every game. There was nothing he couldn't do—and he never made a mistake calling those numbers.

Grantland Rice wrote: "Burns showed flashes of true greatness in every game. It must be admitted that many of State's opponents furnished only the most inconsequential opposition and we'll have to wait another year to see how great the State flash is. Burns certainly deserved second All-America honors this season, and next year, with a stiff schedule confronting him, Benny may rise to heights never before attained by a quarterback. There's just one thing we want to know about Burns—can he take it?"

The old grad broke in. "There's no use telling us about Benny's last year at State. I saw him play every game and, my goodness, but he could take it!"

The little man smiled gently, "I hope he can still take it. I've gone this far, I may as well finish."

YES, it was just a year ago [the little man continued] that you couldn't pick up a newspaper without seeing Benny's picture. You couldn't go to a moving picture house without seeing Benny in a newsreel. Until the Yale game, the last one on State's schedule, he had averaged a gain of fifteen yards every time he carried the ball. Four times during the season he had carried the ball to touchdowns on the kick-off. He had made a great record.

It was just a year ago today, you'll remember, that State played Yale. I know you haven't forgotten that game. Both teams were untied and unbeaten. The championship of the country hung on the contest and both teams were out to win.

Yale had been coached well with the idea in mind of stopping Benny. Lowry knew this, of course, and before the game he told his players his plan of strategy.

They grouped around him, tense but confident. They knew they were good—their record told them that. They knew that Yale was good too, but they looked forward to the next hour. It was going to be a great battle and they were ready for it.

"Today we shoot the works," Lowry told them grimly. "We're up against a great team and we've got to put it out to win. Win this ball game and it's gold footballs for all of you. Win this game and they'll be talking about you twenty years from now. Lose—and you're just another good team that couldn't stand up through a stiff schedule. Now they are out to stop Benny. We all know that. During the first half I want you to use kick formation a lot, Benny, with yourself back. But I don't want you to run with the ball. They'll be watching you. You'll be a threat all the time but

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The High Bridge

By William MacHarg

O'Malley discovers the wrong answer to a crime of passion. Yes, but wait—there is more

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"Here's one guy signs himself 'E.' Who would that be?" he asked the housekeeper

"THIS is that case," said O'Malley, "that ain't never been solved yet, of the society guy that got killed in his apartment. It might be that you remember it. Renand his name was, and they thought his wife killed him but they could never get enough proof even to arrest her. These were pretty gay folks and they had an apartment in New York, and a house in Westchester and knew a lot of other gay guys and went to parties. Him and her had went to a party that night and gone home and he got shot."

"Certainly I remember it," I said. "There was stir enough about it. She said burglars did it. Some jewels were missing and were never found, but there was no other sign of burglars and nobody believed her. What's reopened that case?"

"Mrs. Renand herself got killed last night. She wouldn't go near the apartment after her husband got shot, and she lived in Westchester, but she come in town a lot. Last night she was driving herself home from a party she had went to in Manhattan and her car went off the high bridge above the Speedway.

"What's that got to do with whether she killed her husband?"

"Not a thing; but us cops have to act wise. They want to know did she maybe leave something that would show she killed him. I won't find nothing because she was too smart a dame to leave evidence around."

ON THE way out to Westchester we stopped to look at the spot where it had happened.

A section of the heavy iron railing of Washington Bridge was being repaired and had been replaced by planks, and the car had gone through the planks. Far below us we could see the treetops and the Harlem River and the Speedway, and we could see marks on the driveway where the car had landed, but the car had been taken away.

"It must be a terrible sensation," I said in a hushed voice, "to be in a car and feel it plunging from a height like this! O'Malley, do you think she did it on purpose?"

"How come?"

"She killed her husband and it has weighed on her ever since until it became too much for her. Last night, driving home alone, she saw the gap in the rail and drove her car through it."

"Yeah? If this lady felt bad because her husband got killed she never showed it, and if you think she was the kind that would knock herself off you ought to be locked up. Outside of them two things you might be right."

We went to the garage where they had taken the car. It had been a jewel-like piece of work but now all you could tell was that it once had been an automobile. I was interested in seeing what had happened to a car which had fallen from such a height. The motor had been shattered into fragments, but the gasoline tank was intact though battered, the horn would sound and the gear-shift still worked, as I ascertained by shifting it.

"Very interesting," I commented—"if it had anything to do with anything else."

"That's right. It would be. Anything been done to this bus since when it fell?" O'Malley asked the garage attendant.

"No, buddy; that's what I call a wreck. We picked her up with a crane and set her on a truck, and picked her off of the truck and set her there."

We got back into our car and drove to Westchester. The Renand house was not large, but was handsome and stood in carefully kept grounds. There was a middle-aged housekeeper and other servants. A car was parked in the driveway in the yard and a young man was talking with the housekeeper.

"This is a dreadful happening, gentlemen!" the young man said.

"It is that," O'Malley answered. "What's it got to do with you?"

"I was engaged to marry her."

"THIS is Mr. Innes," the housekeeper said.

"How long you been engaged to Mrs. Renand?" O'Malley asked.

"About a month."

"How long had you known her before that?"

"I've known her about six months."

"You didn't know her before Mr. Renand got shot?"

"No; I didn't meet her until some months afterward. I didn't know about this terrible accident until I saw it in the morning paper. Then I went where they had her and afterward I came out here."

"O. K., Mr. Innes," O'Malley told him.

We went into the house and the housekeeper went with us.

"What do you think of that guy?" O'Malley asked me. "He's a good-looking young guy but it don't make no difference to him if Mrs. Renand shot Renand or not—he wanted to marry her anyway. This Mrs. Renand was the kind of dame that sets 'em crazy, and I bet there's half a dozen other guys that felt the same about her. You'd think guys took pleasure being shot at."

"When a person once gets into trouble you police never let them alone," the housekeeper remarked.

"We got to do our business, lady."

The housekeeper made no objection when O'Malley told her he intended to search the house, but she went along to watch us doing it. In a pleasant room on the second floor, connecting with Mrs. Renand's bedroom, we found a desk whose pigeonholes were filled with letters.

"WE MIGHT learn something now," O'Malley stated.

He seated himself at the desk and examined the letters. Occasionally he handed me one to look at. They were nearly all letters from admiring men.

"This dame was a gay lady," O'Malley said, "and it looks like she got gayer after her husband died. Here's letters from this young Innes that we seen downstairs and it was like he said—he only met her a few months ago; and letters from a lot of other guys. Some of 'em sign their names but some sign only their initials. Here's one guy wrote to her a lot but not lately, and he signs himself 'E.' Who would that be?" he asked the housekeeper.

She took the letter and examined it. "It might be Mr. Evverson," she answered. "He used to be here quite a great deal."

"Yeah? Who's he?"

"You can see his house from the drive in front of this one."

Presently O'Malley bundled the letters back into their pigeonholes. "Nothing in those," he said.

There was nothing else of importance in the desk. If Mrs. Renand had left a confession she had left it somewhere else.

We searched the whole house thoroughly. In a disused bureau under discarded clothes we found a small package wrapped in chamois skin and, as O'Malley unwrapped it, I saw diamonds glistening. There were several rings set with large stones and a brooch set with many smaller ones.

"I don't remember the description of the jewels which Mrs. Renand said were

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The Great Abduction

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

THE President of the United States—Mark Brockridge—is in peril. Carl Bramer, a notorious gangster, and his henchmen are plotting to kidnap him and hold him for a five-million-dollar ransom! Their plans are almost perfected, when Ken Meridew, a brilliant newspaper man, makes an attempt to investigate New York City's underworld and, being recognized, fails. Not, however, until he has incurred the enmity of two powerful men, Jim Cattrone, a racketeer, and *Bramer!* . . .

Meridew is deeply interested in a charming girl—Myrna Dale. The girl, lovely, cultured, puzzles and perplexes him. On one occasion, he sees her meet Cattrone! On another he sees her keep a rendezvous with President Brockridge. Both meetings she denies, emphatically. Why?

The President, a widower, is a fascinating personage. Meridew knows him, admires him. Gradually it dawns on him that Myrna and Brockridge may be in love—may be planning to marry. . . . Meanwhile, Meridew has learned that he is in danger. He is being shadowed by Bramer's men. Warned by old Mike Blannard, a retired police captain, that the underworld may "get" him, he resolves to carry a revolver. . . . At his penthouse apartment one evening Meridew and Myrna have a long, delightful talk. Fascinated by the girl, forgetful for the moment of his suspicions, Meridew is on the verge of proposing, when Brockridge appears. He is calling, he announces, on Myrna; is taking her away with him. Then—"Please remember, Meridew, *I haven't been here!*" And—leaving Meridew hurt, angry, mystified—he and Myrna go out. A few minutes later, three men—apparently plain-clothes men—arrive. "Mr. Meridew," says their spokesman, one Gerryman, "we are members of the President's bodyguard. Where has he gone?" And suddenly, Meridew guesses—he *knows*—that the men confronting him are not in the secret service at all—they are gangsters. "You three," he orders, "get out—*now!*"

VI

HE WAS confronted, without warning, with the sort of situation that he might have hourly expected had his masquerade with Carl Bramer been successful. Posing as a wanted criminal and associating with gangsters and racketeers, it would have been inevitable that occasions would constantly have arisen in which violence would have been imminent and unavoidable. He had, of course, in a vague way contemplated this possibility when he went to see Bramer. And, equally vaguely, he had wondered how he would comport himself when emergency confronted him.

The civilized man, courageous though he may be, looks upon violence as a last resort, and is apt, if he is at all self-analytical, to speculate as to the nature of his reactions to danger. Whereas with the uncivilized man—and the racketeer is surely that—violence is the prelude to debate and not its consequence, and he is always hoping to surprise his opponent.

Meridew was very far from being timorous. He had had, in his fairly adventurous life, many opportunities to prove his courage and had not neglected them. And on some of these occasions danger had come unexpectedly, yet surprise had not made his heart leap into his throat, nor unsteadied his nerves.

But he had never before been involved in a situation where people seemed to change character without warning, where the legitimate became suddenly the illegitimate. And later, reviewing the event, he was gratified to remember that he had not given a thought to danger but had acted as Pat McGrath should have behaved had that young man's existence not been cut short.

He moved past Gerryman, and his hand was on the bell that would summon the elevator. Gerryman knocked his hand down.

MERIDEW exploded into active rage. His right fist collided with Gerryman's jaw, and the swarthy man reeled against the foyer wall. But his companions, whom he had named Saunders and O'Keefe, were as quick in action as Meridew had been. The impetus of Meridew's swing had carried him forward, almost into the arms of O'Keefe, and that man acquired a strangle-hold on Meridew instantly.

It was a hold that Meridew could have broken. As he heaved up and forward, he felt O'Keefe's arms give, but the third man was upon his back before O'Keefe's grip was broken. Meridew's arms were twisted up behind him, and he was helpless.

O'Keefe stepped back, his sallow face working. His right hand went to his side pocket.

"Shall I let him have it, boss?" he asked.

The pseudo Gerryman straightened himself up, and left the support of the wall which had kept him from falling. The lips had curled back from his teeth—they were extremely large teeth, Meridew inconsequentially noticed—and an anger that was not sane flashed in his brown eyes.

"You hit me," he said softly, "you hit me."

Helpless in the grip of the third man, a grip that a professional wrestler could not have broken, Meridew met his glare coolly. Rage had possessed him a moment ago, the kind of rage that requires, for its cooling, swift and violent action. But, even as a boy, involved in rough-and-tumble battle, Meridew, after the first clash, had become cool and wary always. That one thing had frequently enabled him to defeat boys older and bigger than himself.

"I'll hit you again, you damned rascal, if your friend will let go of me."

"Yeah? Again, eh?" Gerryman rubbed his jaw, on which a red spot had appeared. "You're never going to hit anyone again. You're through. Understand what that means? *Through!*"

He meant, Meridew realized, exactly what he said. And now he wondered how he had ever been deceived in the man and his companions. How, for one second, could he have believed that the President's bodyguard could have consisted of men such as these? Only, they had had an advantage. They had known that Brockridge had been in this apartment. And it was quite natural that Brockridge's guards would search for him when he had eluded them.

With death looking him in the eye, he suddenly realized, he was taking time to justify an error of judgment, and he laughed at his own absurdity.

Gerryman ceased his slow advance.

"Game guy, eh?" he sneered. "Laughing to show what a hot sport you are. Lord, I wish we had time to waste on you. I'd like to wipe that grin off your mouth and make it stay off. Maybe this will help a little, though."

"THIS" was a savage slap that made Meridew's ears ring. Impotently he writhed in Saunders' grip.

"And I wish," he said, "that you'd let me waste a little time on you."

"Let him have it, boss," pleaded O'Keefe. "What the hell? Why the chatter? We got to go places and do things."

So swiftly that Meridew's eyes did not catch the motion a pistol appeared in Gerryman's right hand.

"Let him go and step back," he said to the man that held Meridew.

On the word, O'Keefe whirled Meridew to one side; he crashed against the same wall which had prevented the alleged Gerryman from falling a moment before. In an effort to keep himself upright he clutched at the smooth

(Continued on page 49)

Illustrated by John Gannam

"Right where you ought to be, Meridew. Well, happy landing!"

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Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

"After you left us we heard the shooting and followed the crowd into camp"

Thunder Mountain

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

IN A VALLEY buried deep in the wild Saw Tooth Range, three brothers—Sam, Jake and Kalispel Emerson—strike gold. Jake (hoping to raise capital for the development of the find) leaves at once for Boise. Kalispel goes to Salmon to purchase supplies. Sam remains in the valley.

Kalispel, a reckless cowboy with a propensity for getting into trouble, is eager for adventure. He finds it in Salmon. Having met two girls—"Nugget," a dance-hall charmer, and Sydney Blair, who, accompanied by her father, is visiting the West for the first time—he finds himself involved in a series of brawls. When, a few days later, he makes his departure, he has won the bitter enmity of at least three dangerous men: Hank Lowrie, a cowardly sheriff; Pritchard, a gambler; and Cliff Borden, an unscrupulous investor in mining claims. . . . Before he leaves the little town, he is in love with Sydney Blair. He confides the secret of the strike to the girl and her father, who accompany him to the valley.

At last the valley is reached. Kalispel gasps in amazement as he draws near. It is filled with men, tents, mining paraphernalia! Someone has revealed the secret—a gold rush is on! . . . Trembling with anger, Kalispel approaches two of the newcomers. One of them—a tall, bearded fellow—advances to meet him. Kalispel, fully armed, is prepared—*for anything.*

IV

"HOWDY, stranger," the man said genially. "See you found a new way in."

"That's the way I went out two weeks or so ago," replied Kalispel, curtly.

"Was you in hyar—two weeks ago?" queried the other, incredulously.

"Yes. Me an' my two brothers."

"Wal, it's a pity you didn't stay on. Mebbe one of you fellars was responsible fer the news of a gold strike that hit Challis about a week ago."

"I wasn't. I went out with my brother to pack in supplies. Maybe he got drunk an' gave the snap away."

"Rand Leavitt got wind of it first. An' a stampede rustled after him. Leavitt beat us all to it. Bonanza! He struck a quartz vein packed with gold. The rest of us are placer minin'. An' believe me, stranger, no kick comin'."

"Shore you don't know my brother, Sam Emerson?"

"Nope. Not by name, anyhow."

"Sam found that rich quartz vein. An' Jake an' I packed out a piece worth five hundred dollars."

"What? Stranger, are you drunk or crazy?"

"Neither. But I'm most damn' curious," snapped Kalispel.

"Bill, come out hyar," yelled the young miner. His call fetched the big, bearded, red-shirted man on the run. "Say, Bill. Listen to this: Hyar's a fellar who says his brother made a gold strike hyar weeks ago, an' thet he an' another brother packed out a chunk of quartz worth five hundred."

"It's true. Do you know my brother, Sam Emerson?" flashed Kalispel. "We left him here, located on the quartz vein."

"Sam Emerson? Don't know him. An' he's shore not located on the quartz vein now, for Leavitt staked that. He got in hyar first with Selback an' outfit. You're shore haidin' fer trouble, young man, if you make thet claim to them."

KALISPEL wheeled abruptly and almost ran across the bench toward the location of Sam's quartz vein. As he neared it he slowed up to catch his breath and to get the lay of the land. In the first place, he had difficulty finding the outcropping ledge under the looming bare slope. It appeared to be hidden by tents and a large framework of peeled logs, which manifestly was a cabin in course of construction. Kalispel heard the blows of an axe. He passed the end of the lane between the tents. It ran west the remaining distance of the bench. He heard the crash of falling timber and the hoarse voices of men. These came from behind him, down by the stream. The tent town appeared deserted, except at this end, where he espied men actively engaged in labor around the cabin.

In another moment Kalispel stalked upon the scene of Sam's strike. He did not need to look twice at the long outcropping ledge. A tall man with a rifle across his knees sat significantly in the foreground.

"Are you Rand Leavitt?" called Kalispel in a voice that rang, as he passed the open tent to confront this guard.

The man rose quickly. He stood coatless and hatless, young, bullet-headed, swarthy-faced, and his deep-set eyes appeared to start.

"No, stranger. My name's Selback. The boss is downtown," replied the man. "An' who might you be, bustin' up hyar like a bull out of a corral?"

Kalispel was slow to answer, but swift and sure in his estimate of this guard, Selback. There was something expected, furtive, cold and calculating in the man's eyes, yet no gleam of intuitive sense of Kalispel's status.

"I'm Kalispel Emerson—brother of Sam. . . . Where is Sam?"

"Are you askin' me? I don't know yore brother—or you either."

"Shore you haven't seen Sam Emerson?" asked Kalispel, piercingly. The builders had ceased their tasks to come down on the ground, watching silently.

"There are a lot of miners hyar whose names I never heard."

"Name or not, you shore seen Sam when you hit this valley. Because he was here on this claim. He found this quartz. I was with him when he struck it. So was Jake, my other brother."

"Man alive! You've gone gold mad," declared the guard, with a gruff laugh. But there was no sincerity in word or mirth. He did not ring true.

"Say, fellow," cried Kalispel, "this has a queer look!"

"An' so have you, stranger!" retorted Selback, probably misled by Kalispel's obvious puzzlement. "Just you rustle along or Leavitt will run you out of Thunder River."

"We Emersons don't run."

(Continued on page 24)

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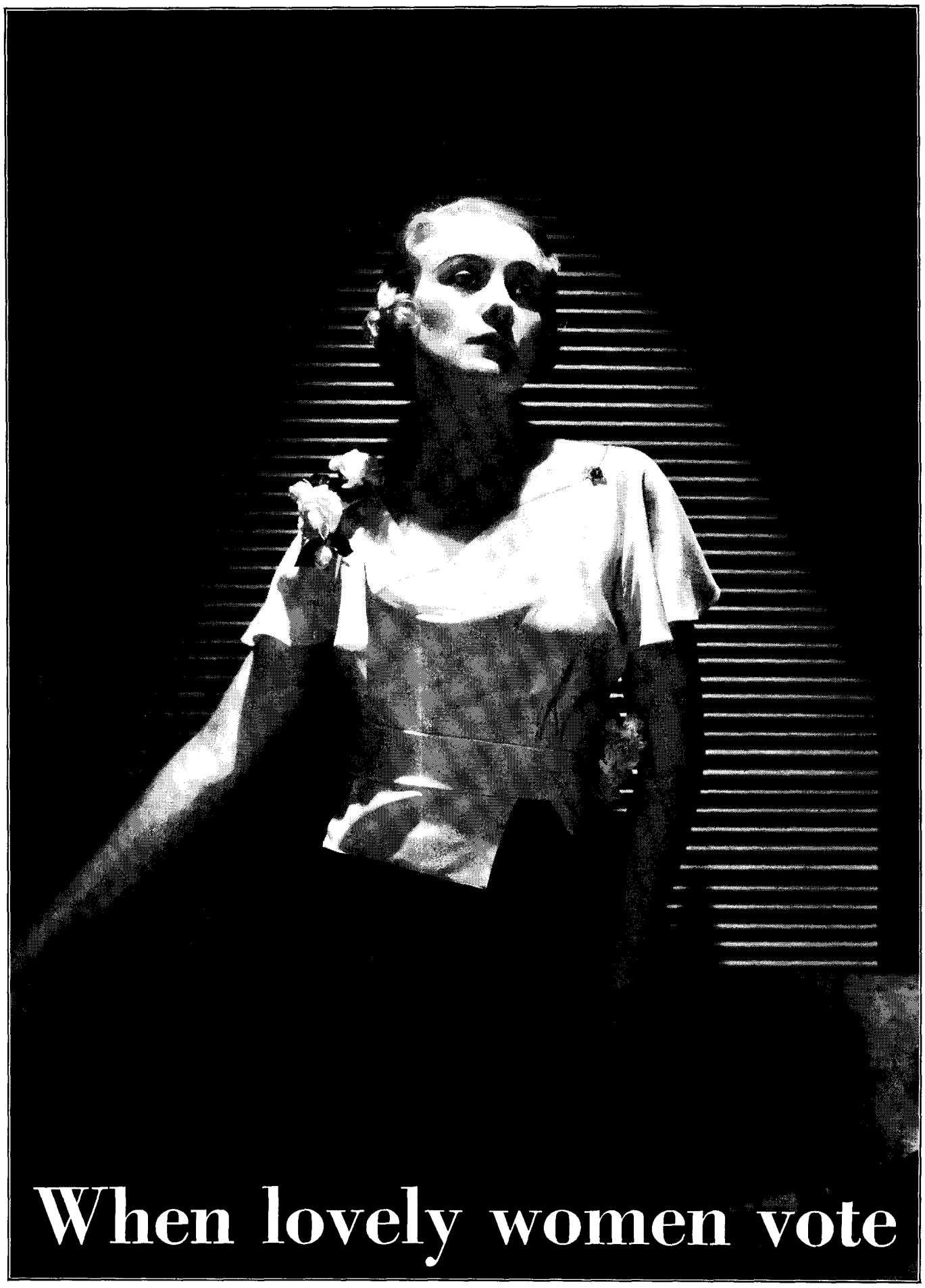

When lovely women vote

To thousands of women of this type—charming, educated, well-to-do, prominent in the social and civic life of her city, we put this question: What tooth paste do you use?

To our delight, the majority answered Listerine Tooth Paste. Certainly to women of means, the price of 25¢ could not possibly have been a factor in deciding upon a tooth paste. Obviously, the quality of the dentifrice itself and the brilliant results it accomplished were responsible for their choice.

Won't you try Listerine Tooth Paste? See how thoroughly it cleans. How swiftly it erases blemishes and discolorations. How gleaming white it leaves the teeth. How it refreshes the mouth and sweetens the breath.

Bear in mind, incidentally, that it costs you but half of what you would ordinarily pay for tooth paste of equal quality. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE the quality dentifrice at 25¢

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Thunder Mountain

Continued from page 22

"Wal, walk then an' be quick about it," ordered the guard, making a move to swing the rifle around.

"*Hold on!*" cut in Kalispel.

But Selback did not heed the warning. The rifle barrel continued to swerve beneath the man's paling visage. In a flash Kalispel drew and fired. The guard's head sank and, stumbling, he fell forward over his clattering rifle.

Rapid footfalls cracked on the rocks. Kalispel wheeled to confront a man who yelled as he cleared the tent. He ran almost into Kalispel's smoking gun.

"Line up with your gang. Pronto!" ordered Kalispel with a wave of the gun. He knew his man. This was Leavitt, who lost no time lining up beside the three laborers, but he did not put up his hands.

"You see I'm unarmed," he said, coolly. "What's the deal?" and he swept a glittering gray glance from Kalispel to the man on the ground and back again.

"You're Rand Leavitt," confirmed Kalispel, as he instinctively recognized a shrewd, nervy, resourceful leader. Leavitt was under forty, a man of lofty stature, whose pale, cold, boldly chiseled face denoted intelligence and force.

"Yes, I'm Leavitt. What's this holdup mean?"

"I'm no bandit, an' damn' well you know it."

"How the hell do I know who and what you are?" demanded the other, in pale anger. "What'd you kill Selback for—if it's not a holdup?"

"The fool tried to throw his rifle on me after I warned him."

"Who are you?"

KALISPEL did not answer. He backed against the wall of the tent. Miners, led by the couple whom he had accosted upon his arrival, were hurrying to the scene, drawn no doubt by the gunshot. Kalispel fought down his fury and despair. Whatever the justice of his claim, it would never be recognized. He was too late. He had to decide whether or not to kill this man Leavitt.

"Boss, he said his name was Kalispel Emerson," spoke one of the laborers, hurriedly. "Thet he was brother to a Sam Emerson, who he swore had located this quartz vein."

"Sam Emerson!" shouted Leavitt, loud-voiced and protesting. "Where in hell was he, then? I found this claim opened up, to be sure, gold shining in the sun, pick and shovel, camp duffle and stuff lying around. But no miner!"

"You lie!" hissed Kalispel.

"No, I don't lie," stormed Leavitt. "There wasn't any miner here. I swear that. I could have proved it by Selback."

"You made away with my brother an' jumped his claim."

"I jumped it, yes. I had a perfect right to. But it had not been worked for days. . . . When you accuse me of making away with your brother you're the liar—or you are out of your head."

He was steady of hand, pale-faced but fiery-eyed, and his voice and demeanor carried conviction, if not to Kalispel, to the others present, a constantly growing crowd.

"Leavitt, I reckon I'll bore you."

"You'll murder an innocent man, then," replied Leavitt. "I'm not threatening you, as was Selback. You've no excuse to kill me, except your suspicion, which is rank injustice. . . . And these miners will lynch you."

Kalispel had put him to a crucial test. But Leavitt had not weakened. If he was guilty, as Kalispel believed, he was too shrewd, too quick-witted and iron-nerved to betray himself to Kalispel or lose his prestige with the crowd. Besides, there was a remote possibility that Sam had wandered out of the valley or had met some inexplicable tragic end. Kalispel felt that he was not omnipotent. In his torturing disappointment and frenzy he might have erred in judging Selback. He dared not force the issue here and lose forever any chance of reclaiming the mine. Jake would return with proofs that he had packed out the gold-veined quartz.

"LEAVITT, I'll let you off because men like you hang themselves," declared Kalispel bitterly. "But I'm accusin' you before this crowd. You're crooked, you made away with my brother an' jumped his claim. I call on all here to witness my stand against you an' my oath that I'll live to prove it."

Kalispel backed away from the tent and from the gaping miners. He was keen enough to see even in that moment that the sentiment of these men was divided. Turning presently, he sheathed his gun and had headed for the spot where he had left his burros, when he remembered Sydney. In that exceedingly bitter moment of hopeless despair it seemed he could not face her with blood on his hands, with the fear that these miners, and surely Leavitt, would convince her that he was a murderer. As truly as that had his hasty deed made him an outcast! Plunging away in the other direction, he leaped the creek and hid far across the valley, in a clump of firs, and there lay like a deer mortally wounded and seeking to die alone.

Long after darkness fell he went back to the place where he had left the Blairs and the burros. He found only his own packs. The Blairs, with their supplies and equipment, had left. Kalispel welcomed that fact. He searched in his pack for a flask of whisky and, finding it, he sought to kill the cold, sick misery in his marrow and to blot out the insupportable loss of brother, fortune, love.

When Kalispel recovered a consciousness with which he could remember, it was another day and, he believed, the second or third after his arrival. Ill, shaken, in horrible mental state, he drank the last swallow of liquor.

Then he looked about him. The packs were intact, his saddle lying on the ground, his bed unrolled. The horse and burros were gone from the grassy bench. This location was as good as any, he thought, and after a survey of the bench he concluded he could not do better. He was far back, close to the base of the divide, and over a half-mile from Leavitt's camp, which stood about even with where the great bare slope began its terrifying rise to dominate the valley. The new trail coming down the stream forked into the one he had made up the divide, just below where he elected to camp. Forthwith he spread his tarpaulin across a narrow space between two high boulders, and moved in his supplies.

Behind him and up the gradual slope were quantities of dead and fallen lodgepole pines. He could not eat, though his thirst was intense and, in a mood to drive himself to exhaustion, he packed down one tree after another until he had a huge pile of them.

THEN, spent and wet and hot, he flung himself down, and importuned heart and consciousness with hopeless query—what was it that had happened and what could he do? Footsteps roused him to sit up, braced against a boulder. Blair confronted him.

"How are you, Kalispel," he asked not unkindly.

"Mornin', Blair—or is it afternoon? I'd be better off dead," replied Kalispel.

"Don't say that, lad. It's not like you at all. You must pull yourself together and shake the terrible passion you must have had—and the debauch afterward."

"Blair, am I still drunk, or are you speakin' kindly to me?" queried Kalispel.

"I am, son, and I mean it," went on the elder man, taking a seat near Kalispel.

"Wal, if I can be grateful for anythin', I'm thankin' you."

"Listen, cowboy. I've seen a good deal of life, and life anywhere, east or west, is the same when it comes to misfortune, loss, grief. If ever a young fellow had a tough thing to face, you certainly had. But you gave in to it in Wild West fashion and it has ruined you. Leavitt stands high with these miners. They elected him judge of the camp—an office, as I understand it, to determine gold claims and all the accepted rules of mining camps. Your denouncing him apparently hurt you more than killing Selback. For, as I got it, Selback was a hard, grasping man, not at all liked. Then to make the situation worse for you, our friends Pritchard, Selby and Haskell rode in yesterday morning. They made friends at once with Leavitt. I heard them, especially Pritchard, denounce you as Kalispel Emerson, notorious gunman from Montana, a bad hombre in every way."

"Interestin'—an' about to come true, I reckon," replied Kalispel, with the ice in his soul cutting his voice. "An' I'm calculatin' that you come out to give me a hunch to leave?"

"No," declared Blair, emphatically. "I might have felt that way a couple of days ago. But not now. Something has changed me. I'd stay. . . . You see I'm convinced of your honesty, Kalispel. I believe you and your brothers have been robbed of this claim. By heaven! I'd stay and find out."

"I'll stay all right," returned Kalispel, grimly. "Blair, set me right. How long have we been here?"

"This is the third day."

"Where did you an' Sydney go? What did you do?"

"Well, after you left us we heard the shooting and followed the crowd into camp. There we met Leavitt. He was very agreeable and helpful. Asked us to supper. Pretty much taken with Sydney, of course. He gave us a tent, sent out for our packs, made us comfortable. Yesterday I bought my gold claim from him. It's one of the best, they say. I've been panning gold. Dug two ounces of dust today before I gave out. It's the hardest work I ever undertook. But great fun. Sydney is crazy about it. Leavitt showed her how."

"Wal, that doesn't improve his chances of long life," muttered Kalispel, somberly. "It's hell enough to lose her—without—"

"Kalispel," interrupted Blair, hurriedly, "we were out here yesterday. Sydney wanted to see you. She seemed driven. I caught her looking out this way often. She was pretty hard hit, son. . . . Well, we came and found you dead drunk, lying there—not a pleasant sight. Sydney was horrified. And then disgusted. I wanted her to stay—help me do something for you. She wouldn't. . . . I'm going to tell you what she said because I believe it will do you good: 'Dad, I—I cared for that cowboy Kalispel! But this isn't he. Or if it is I am disillusioned. . . . To protest love for me—then scarcely out of my sight—give way to his terrible passion to kill—and drink. . . . To lie here like a sodden beast. . . . He did not love me.'"

"Oh, Lord," groaned Kalispel, hanging his head. This was the last, the most exceedingly bitter drop of his cup of gall.

"Kalispel, that's tougher than loss of your mine. I don't share Sydney's disillusion. She is young and this is her second hurt. By far the deepest, I am sure. If I know the Blairs, she won't soon get over this one. . . . Now, boy, a last word; then I'm through this painful talk. This is a question of whether or not you are going to succumb to drink—and such abasement as that in which we found you. I like you and I think you have had a rotten deal. Besides I know the horror of the bottle, myself."

"Were you ever a drinker?"

"Yes, I was. And I have never been safe."

KALISPEL recalled what Sydney had betrayed to him about her father's conviviality.

"Ah-huh. So that's why. . . . Wal, red liquor never had me down till this time. . . . Blair, you've got another reason for all this plain, kind talk."

"Yes. I've taken a sudden dislike to Leavitt."

"How come?"

"I don't know, except what revealed it to me. And that was a look I saw him give Sydney when she was unaware of it. If I were your kind, Kalispel, I'd pick a fight with him and shoot him. This illustrates my peculiar streak. But as I look back over my life I find that seldom or never has my distrust of a man been unjust. Or my faith wrong. It's a gift."

"Wal, I had the same hunch about Leavitt. Yet I couldn't lay a single proof of its being fair."

"Leavitt has a powerful personality," declared Blair. "He might have that

(Continued on page 26)

"Write Your Own" Awards

Our readers celebrated the tenth "Write Your Own" by sending us the usual flood of manuscripts. The following contributors rang the bell:

$100 **Marie Calvane, 113 Rhode Island Avenue, East Orange, N. J.**

$75 **R. Louise Emery, 4300 Mildred Avenue, Venice, Calif.**

$50 **Gerard Sullivan, 137 Sturges Street, Westerleigh, Staten Island, N. Y.**

The cynicism of which we complained last week was happily absent. Selfless love held the stage. Even we are amazed by the variety and intensity of its manifestations. Amazed—but by no means incredulous.

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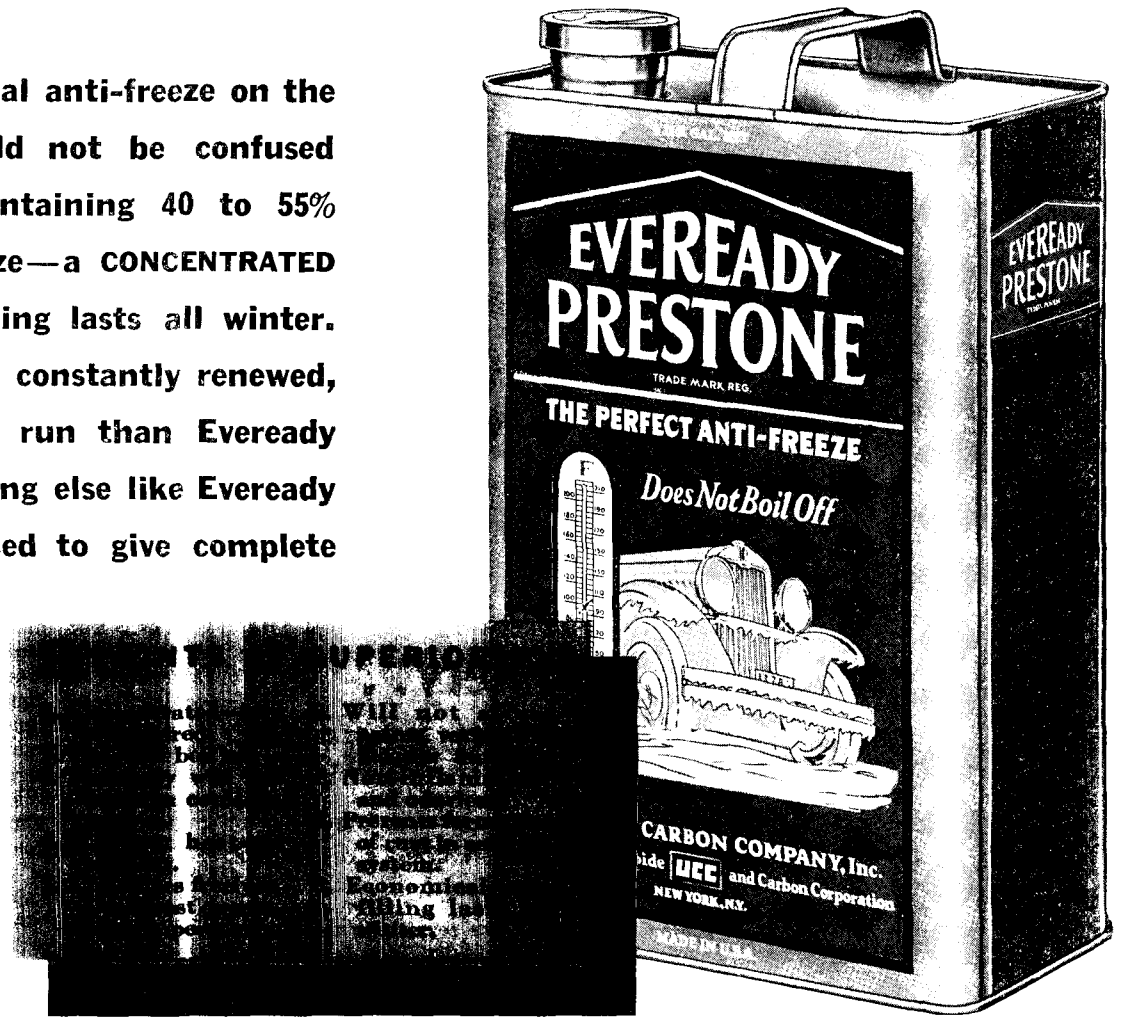

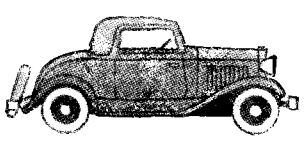

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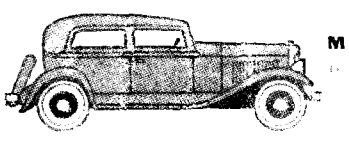

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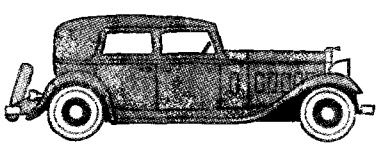

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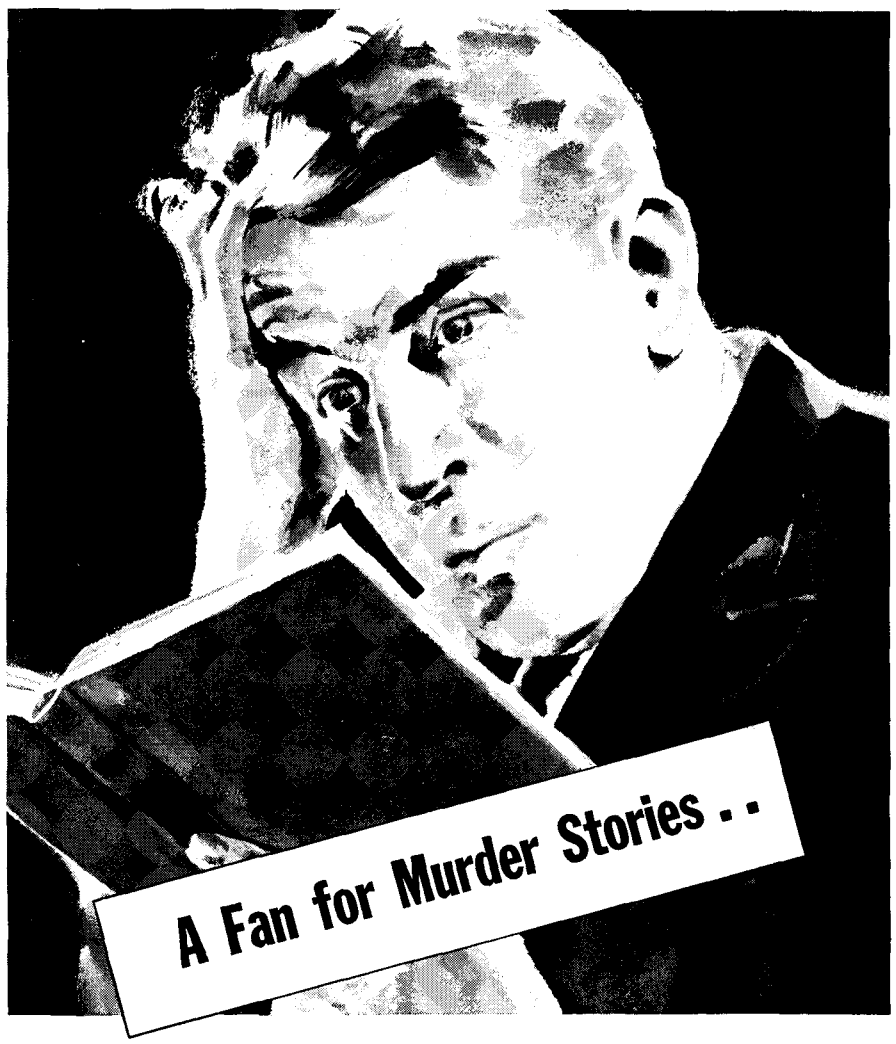

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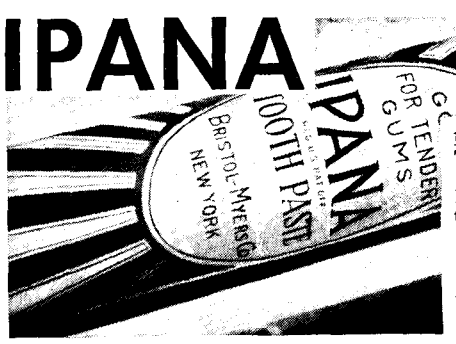

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Thunder Mountain

Continued from page 24

two-sided nature so common to many men. If he is crooked he'll never fool me. But he could Sydney. She thinks he is handsome, well-educated, fascinating, the biggest Westerner she has met yet."

"I reckon that's easy for me to see, but most damn' sickenin' to swallow."

"Leavitt is taken with her. He may get her on the rebound. It worries me. I tried to give Sydney a hint of my suspicions. She shut me up pronto."

"Wal, Blair, don't talk against the man. That'll only make Sydney contrary. *If* she really cared for me I can't conceive of her goin' to Leavitt, whether or not I'm a bloody gunman an' beast. Rebound or no rebound!"

"SHE did care for you. She said so right out. And that implies more than she confessed."

"Good Lord, man! Stop torturin' me!"

"I'm sorry," rejoined Blair, hastily, as he arose. "But she is my daughter. And she *was* your sweetheart. . . . Hell, don't glare at me like that. I know her better than you. . . . You can't get out of this fact: We had a common cause. This West is hell. I can't go back. I must meet what comes. And I'm scared. . . . I took a shine to you, Kalispel, and I felt I could lean on you."

"You can—so help me!" cried Kalispel, fiercely.

"Atta boy! That's the talk," ejaculated Blair, warmly.

"But how—Blair? . . . How?" gasped Kalispel, haggardly. "I'll be an outlaw now. Every miner's opinion, if not his hand, will be against me. Leavitt will see to that. He stole our mine. An' he's crafty as hell."

"Yes. But this camp will grow like a mushroom overnight," declared Blair, earnestly. "In a month there'll be thousands of people here. They are streaming in. Twelve pack outfits yesterday. Old-timers here say Thunder Mountain will bring the biggest gold rush Idaho ever saw. . . . Well, you lay low. Dig gold yourself. Cut the drink and don't use your gun except in case of self-defense. Wait for your brother Jake to come back. He may shed some light on this stampede. And all the time you will be working for proof of Leavitt's guilt. But *that* will not be your main objective."

"What will be, Blair?" queried Kalispel, thrilling despite his agony.

"Sydney! To win back her confidence and respect. To show her that you are a man. That no defeat can keep you from winning her and the ranch your heart was set on."

"You're draggin' my guts out of a vise," returned Kalispel. "Blair, it's not hard to see why Sydney is such a wonderful girl. You're her father. . . . I'll play the cards as you have dealt them to me. An' win or lose I shall owe to you an' Sydney the great lesson of my life. . . . You go back now. I've work to do an' some mighty desperate thinkin'."

KALISPEL'S acts, in great contrast to his inertia for three days, attested to the spell which beset him. At least the interest taken in him by the miners along that end of the stream proclaimed he was an individual of marked interest in Thunder Mountain camp. He bathed and scrubbed himself in the ice-cold creek; he packed water up to his camp; he shaved his bristling face; he burned his ragged clothes and donned the new outfit he had purchased; he put his camp in shipshape, and then cooked supper, all with feverish haste and in plain sight of his neighbors.

He thought that they would be vastly more astounded if they could read his mind. Leavitt was responsible for Sam's disappearance, probably his death. He would get back Sam's quartz mine from that suave and resourceful robber and kill him afterward, or he would kill him anyhow. Proof was the imperative necessity.

Finally he grasped the wisdom of Blair's reasoning. What he had to do was to live down an undeserved reputation for reckless shooting and evil motive, for all the hard odium the frontier had cast upon him. How to set about that seemingly impossible task was the imperious question. Kalispel cudgeled his brain. Long after dark he paced to and fro under the black, sinister mountain and the stars, and long after he lay in his bed he pondered the problem. At midnight he heard the faint thunder of the mountain, and it seemed to record the passing of time, the brevity of life, the fact that nature audited her secret books—that now was the day to seize.

Morning came. Kalispel awakened to it, mindful that a resolve made in the white heat of misfired passion could be kept through the gloom and tedium of recurrent moods. He was equal to his task. He laid stone walls; he chopped wood; he washed and dried his blankets; he built a fireplace; and to his watchful neighbors he made plain that he had adopted this camp as a permanent abode.

He had supplies for a month, but not a dollar to his name. His resentment powerfully combated the idea of working a poor claim, when by rights he should have owned the best. Yet he yielded to the exigency of his plan. Once decided, he had the thought that there must be hundreds of fine claims left. But where? Anywhere in that valley of treasure, he argued.

A few minutes later, he was deepening the gravelly pit of his fireplace when a gleam of yellow caught his eye. "What the hell!" he muttered, falling on his knees. The bright gleam had resulted when his spade cut into a dusty gold nugget. Incredulously he stared. Then with eager, grasping hands he clawed into a pocket of nuggets, a few large and many small, coarse-grained and dull, but gold, gold, gold.

THE town of Thunder Mountain grew as if by magic.

From Challis and Salmon, Boise and Twin Falls, from Washington and Montana, from the south across the black lava deserts, from the Wyoming ranges, from everywhere that men heard that siren call, enchanting and irresistible, they came, deepening the trails; prospectors, engineers, promoters, miners, followed by the adventurers, the gamblers, the women with hawk eyes, the dive keepers and rum-peddlers, until Thunder River hummed with a raw, bold, happy, excited, greedy throng.

Tents sprouted like white weeds and shacks and cabins followed suit. Two enterprising carpenters packed in a portable sawmill and made more money than the gold diggers. In less than six weeks after its discovery, Leavitt Mine was in operation, grinding out the precious yellow metal. Every available claim for two miles along the creek had been staked. Up the slopes and in the gullies miners dug in the loose earth and blasted in the rock. By day and by night the long, wide street of Thunder City roared. On each side of this

(Continued on page 30)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Long Distance helps refrigerator company increase sales for 18 months consecutively

In one country-wide drive, Norge Corporation sells five trainloads, valued at $1,500,000

CERTAIN COMPANIES today are forging steadily ahead. Almost invariably, they are consistent users of Long Distance. They find it an effective and economical way of meeting changed conditions . . . increased use of the service resulting not only in stimulated business but in lowered general costs as well.

The use of Long Distance by the Norge Corporation is typical of that made by other successful companies, large and small. "*Today, more than ever, we frankly recognize the value of Long Distance,*" says Howard E. Blood, President of the Company. "*The savings it effects, and the results it achieves, make it one of our most profitable business tools.*

"For example, one country-wide drive, which was conducted largely by Long Distance, resulted in the sale of five trainloads of refrigerators, valued at $1,500,000. We recently reported the eighteenth consecutive monthly increase in sales, and for the first half of 1932 our volume of business was substantially the same as for the entire year of 1931. Unquestionably, this reflects our consistent use of that most expedient tool, the telephone."

Almost constant telephone contact is maintained between headquarters of the company in Detroit, district managers at various points, and distributors and salesmen throughout the country. Executives cover the country in minutes, without leaving their desks. Through frequent and consistent use of Long Distance, they transact business at large savings in time and money.

Best results are obtained from the *planned* use of Long Distance. Let a representative of your local Bell Company develop a complete telephone plan for *your* company.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Typical Station-to-Station Rates

From	*To*	*Daytime*	7:00 P.M.	8:30 P.M.
Detroit	Cleveland	$ .60	$ .50	$ .35
Boston	New York	1.00	.85	.60
Atlanta	Chicago	2.35	1.95	1.30
Los Angeles	Denver	3.25	2.65	1.75
St. Louis	Seattle	6.50	5.25	3.75

Where the charge is 50c *or more, federal tax applies*

JUST CALL YOUR BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

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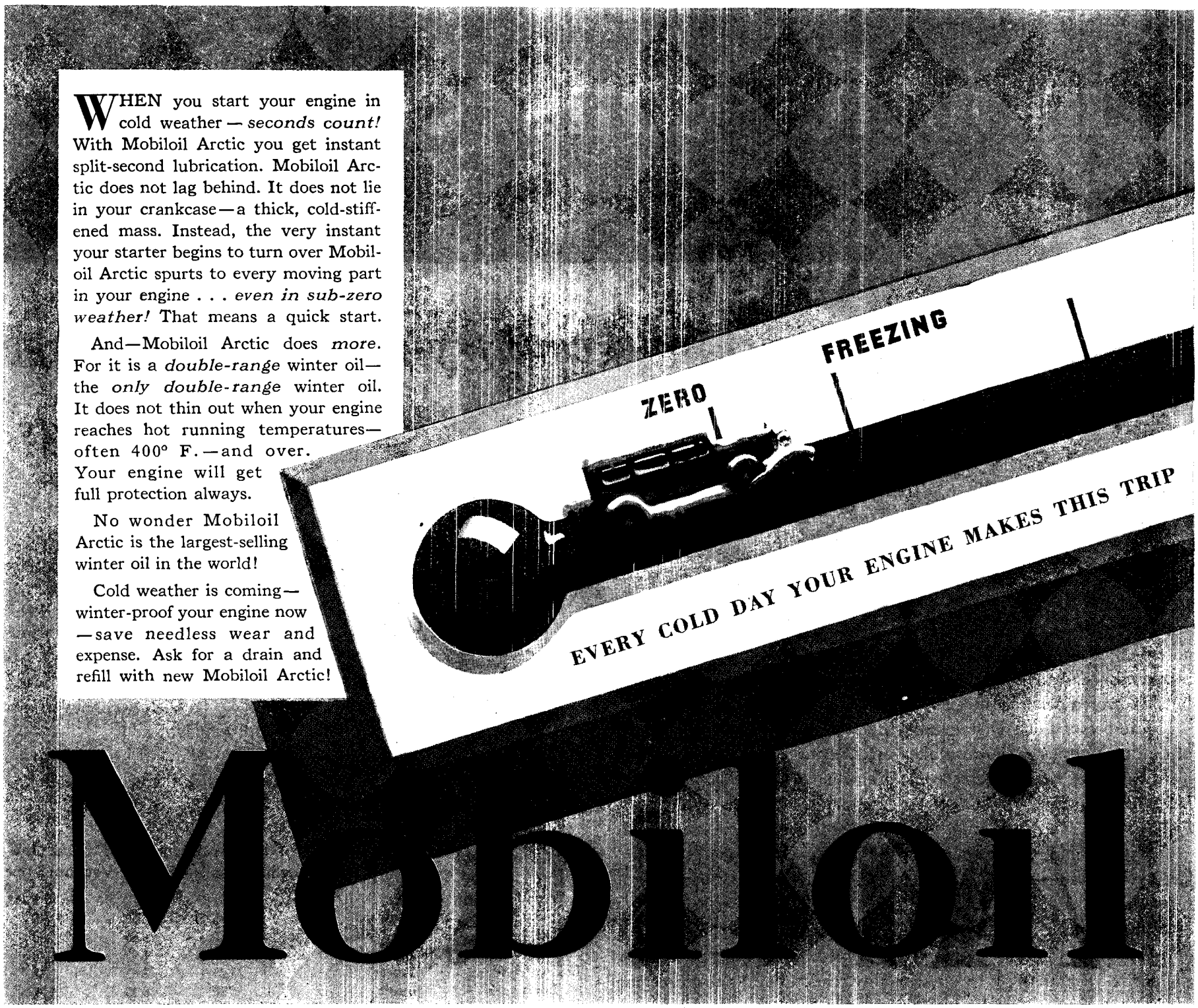
Collier's, *The National Weekly*

Only a DOUBLE WINTER-PROOF


WHEN you start your engine in cold weather — *seconds count!* With Mobiloil Arctic you get instant split-second lubrication. Mobiloil Arctic does not lag behind. It does not lie in your crankcase—a thick, cold-stiffened mass. Instead, the very instant your starter begins to turn over Mobiloil Arctic spurts to every moving part in your engine . . . *even in sub-zero weather!* That means a quick start.
And—Mobiloil Arctic does *more*. For it is a *double-range* winter oil—the *only double-range* winter oil. It does not thin out when your engine reaches hot running temperatures—often 400° F.—and over. Your engine will get full protection always.
No wonder Mobiloil Arctic is the largest-selling winter oil in the world!
Cold weather is coming—winter-proof your engine now—save needless wear and expense. Ask for a drain and refill with new Mobiloil Arctic!
ZERO
FREEZING
EVERY COLD DAY YOUR ENGINE MAKES THIS TRIP
Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

A SOCONY-VACUUM COMPANY

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RANGE OIL can your Car

. . and for Easy Gear Shifting, Mobiloil "CW"

WINTER PROOF your car *now* —with Socony-Vacuum Products. Ask your Mobiloil dealer today for this 7-point *winter-proof* service:

1. Drain out old oil. Refill with Mobiloil Arctic, the only double-range winter oil.

2. For quick starting in cold weather, a tankful of a Socony-Vacuum winter gasoline.

3. For summer ease of gear-shifting on coldest days—Mobiloil "CW" in your gears.

4. To protect your chassis from wear—complete lubrication with Socony-Vacuum winter greases.

5. To prevent overheating—rust and scale flushed from your radiator with Socony-Vacuum Radiator Cleaner.

6. To prevent freeze-up—use a good anti-freeze mixture in your radiator.

7. Extra lubrication for valves and upper cylinder walls—Socony-Vacuum Upperlub.

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Raleigh
Cigarettes

are now only

15¢

(Cork tips at no extra cost)

and you get a
COUPON
in every pack

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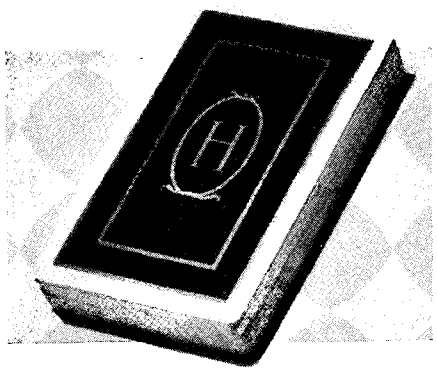
Save 50 and get a beautiful deck of INITIALED PLAYING CARDS

Or save 85 and get a handsome bridge set of two decks in contrasting colors of the same design.



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Thunder Mountain

Continued from page 26

long, wide street stores and restaurants, saloons and gambling dens, lodging-houses and dance halls made bid for the custom of the populace, and each and every one of them was full.

The time came when the town achieved the dignity of a miners' meeting during which, as was the custom of progressive mining camps, a judge, sheriff and recorder were elected. The former's duty was to preside at each meeting of the gold diggers; the second was supposed to maintain law and order; and the third had the task of keeping records of claims. All claims went by numbers. Leavitt's mine was No. 1, and all the others up and down the valley were numbered accordingly.

Rand Leavitt was the judge; Hank Lowrie the sheriff; and Cliff Borden the recorder.

ONE sunset hour in early summer Kalispel Emerson sat in the door of the little cabin he had erected between the boulders that had served as his shelter.

He had a double motive for occupying this favorite seat during his leisure hours—first, he could watch the trails in the hope of seeing his brother Jake some day; and secondly, from this vantage point he could look down the gradually descending bench to the cabin of the Blairs, located on the bank of the stream and on the site of Blair's gold claim. Tents and shacks were scattered all along the stream and over the bench, but the cabin of the Blairs stood out conspicuously by reason of its yellow peeled logs and pretentiousness. It had a wide porch on the eastern side, where Sydney spent a good deal of her time working and resting.

Kalispel watched her at this distance, perhaps an eighth of a mile, and knew that she knew he watched her. The young miners going by her cabin always stopped to chat a moment; and Rand Leavitt often visited her there, especially on Sunday afternoons, but Kalispel never went near enough to catch the expression of her eyes. They appeared to be black gulfs in a pale face the sun did not tan.

Two months had gone by for Kalispel on the wings of his strenuous gold digging and his passionate devotion to the Herculean task he had set himself. The former had been successful beyond even the dreams he had entertained before his loss. Every place he struck his pick yielded gold in some quantity; and he had so many little buckskin bags of dust and nuggets hidden away that he was afraid to count them. But in his serious reflection he knew beyond doubt that his dream of a ranch could be realized; and that if his star continued to shine all through summer and fall he would be rich.

His passionate devotion to the ideal set up by Blair had not been entirely futile, but he had found that to live down a bad name kept alive by enemies in high places was something well-nigh impossible. The sole hope that now inspired Kalispel hung upon the fact that Sydney Blair watched him from afar.

Always at the back of his mind was the consciousness that he still was Kalispel Emerson and would one day stalk out to face Rand Leavitt. That seemed inevitable. Jealousy had been added to what he considered a stern passion for justice. Leavitt's attention to Sydney Blair was unmistakable and if she had not responded she had at least accepted it. Gossip of the gold camp had it that Leavitt would marry the girl.

Each and every honest miner in the diggings was too busy with his own labors to know what the other fellow was doing. The saloons and gambling dens were objective proof of whether a miner was rich today and poor tomorrow. As they earned prodigiously, they wasted prodigally. But this fact did not apply to Kalispel. He did not drink or gamble or spend and therefore was considered poor, one of the many unsuccessful diggers. Moreover, his story was known, and his absurd claim and loss were an outstanding joke with those miners who did not know him.

Thunder City, however, was overrun with adventurers and miners who labored for gold only as a blind, while by stealth they stole and robbed. Kalispel had come under the cold, watchful eyes of those parasites; and many had been the time his gun hand had itched. But if they were suspicious of him, they had no ground to substantiate it, for he was just as shrewd and infinitely more watchful.

On a late afternoon Kalispel pondered a plan to further his interests; and this was to begin to hunt game with the idea of supplying meat to the miners. Deer had been run out of the valley. Good hunters were few, and most miners would not take the time to hunt. Yet they were greatly dependent upon meat, for food prices in the stores were abnormally high. Kalispel thought his plan would serve several purposes—to give the impression that he needed money, to enable him to become acquainted with many miners and win their confidence, and to hide his secret motive to work out the truth of Leavitt's guilt. As the weeks passed Kalispel grew more sure of this. Leavitt might be another Henry Plummer of Alden Gulch fame. Murder of miners had so far not occurred, but the finding and stealing of stored gold dust, and robbery by masked men at night, had grown increasingly until it was something to contend with.

AS HE revolved these thoughts, the valley became steeped in a luminous golden sheen, the last reflection from the sunset flush upon the heights. And at that moment Sydney Blair appeared upon the porch, to lean against the rail and gaze out. This had become such a habit of hers that Kalispel waited for it. She wore something which shone faintly blue. He got up to pace to and fro, and at last to stand where she could not help but see him. Always he was alone. And she must know that his heart was yearning for her—that degradation was impossible for him now. But did she know, and if she did what were her thoughts?

Kalispel had talked often with Blair, and somehow their positions had become reversed. The advice and solicitation now came from Kalispel. After all, Blair had not made as good a deal in his gold claim as he had fondly believed. His gravel bar had suddenly panned out. And digging among the rocks of his claim for nuggets or quartz had not been successful. He had begun to drink and gamble moderately, as was common among the better class of miners, yet even that little had lately made a subtle difference in him. Wherefore, Kalispel, summing up, decided that it was about time for him to step out of his quiet, watchful isolation.

HE WALKED down to the stream, to the big camp where Hadley and Jones, two progressive miners, maintained a mess for eight of their comrades. Kalispel dropped in on them at supper time. He was not exactly friendly with these men, but knew that through the weeks they had unlearned some of the lessons gossip and ill will had taught them.

"Jones, I've an idee," said Kalispel. "How are you off for meat?"

"Meat? Jehoshaphat! Costs us more than ham an' bacon."

"I'm thinkin' of huntin' meat to sell. What'll you pay a pound for fresh venison an' elk? I'm a poor miner, but a good hunter. Will you pay fifty cents a pound till fall, an' more when the snow flies?"

"You bet I will. An' jump at the chance."

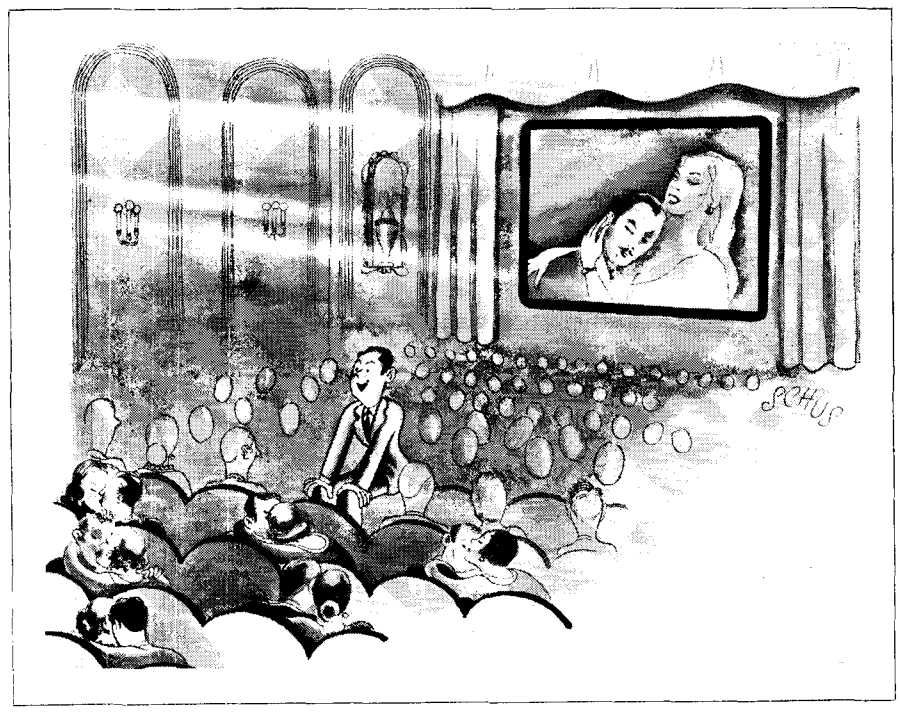
"Done. It'll be no trick for me. I've a horse an' burros."

"Kalispel," spoke up Hadley, the young partner of Jones, "you'd be doin' us a service. Lack of meat is the drawback in this mess. An' thet holds all over town."

"Wal, I'll see if I can drum up some more customers. An' if I can, I won't trade for any of your claims."

"Small chance of you gettin' a whack at mine," called out a miner cheerfully. "Just look at this."

(To be continued next week)



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KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

International Trucks Serve Fuel Producers . . . Fuel Distributors . . . and YOU!

IMAGINE the nation suddenly deprived of every ton of coal and coke—every gallon of fuel oil. With the first blast of icy winter, stark misery would threaten seventy-five per cent of the country's population.

The nearby forests which fed the hearths of our forefathers have vanished. The whang of the axe in the woodshed is replaced by the hum of high-powered trucks on street and highway, delivering an unfailing supply of one of man's primary needs—fuel.

To meet this human demand, a giant industry has developed—a nationwide net of mines, wells, processing plants, and distributing facilities, totalling a combined investment of more than eleven billion dollars.

There may be a difference of opinion on the relative merits of various fuels, but when it comes to their transportation, producers and distributors alike are agreed on the dependability and economy of International Trucks.

Moderate first cost, rugged reliability on all roads in all weathers, long life, low operating costs per mile, per ton, or per gallon—these are definite realities which have contributed to the preference for International Trucks in this exacting industry. And equally so in every other line of business. Yours as well.

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No Matter How Varied Your Transportation Requirements Standardize on International Trucks

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New low prices prevail on the entire line. The 1½-ton, 4-speed Model A-2, for instance, a general utility truck for the average business, has been reduced to

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International Company-owned branches at 188 points and dealers everywhere assure you unmatched service.

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YOUR CAR!

SIMONIZ protects the finish in all weather

DON'T let snow, sleet and mud ruin your car's beauty! Give the finish the mighty protection of Simoniz. Then your car will stay beautiful year after year. You can *depend on that!*

Simoniz guards the finish wherever you go, makes it last longer, and keeps the colors from fading. That's why millions Simoniz their cars and recommend it. It's modern, easier, saves you time and money.

And you'll be delighted with the rich beauty Simonizing gives your car. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener quickly cleans the finish and restores its original lustre without hard rubbing. And Simoniz gives lasting brilliance and weather-proof protection. So Simoniz your car right away! The sooner any car is Simonized the better.

Nothing takes the place of Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. So insist on these world-famous products. They're sold by hardware and auto accessory stores everywhere.

MOTORISTS WISE · SIMONIZ

What can a Father do?

Continued from page 13

morning, so you had better not come."

I think to myself if she is telling him not to come that is all to the good and so I put the note back in the bottle and corked it up and dropped the bottle in the pot and rowed back to the dock.

So that night after supper Murphy takes the motor boat and goes to the mainland.

About midnight I walk out on the dock and I see a boat alongside the dock. It wasn't our boat. It was another one. And I figured it must be that son-of-a-gun of a professor. So I got my flashlight and got down into that boat and found the ignition switch and the wires leading away from it. I ripped out them wires.

Then I unhooked the holster of my gat and started up toward the house, not making any noise. I walk on around the house, keeping in the shadows. And when I get around to the northeast corner I see what is happening.

THE professor has a ladder up to the balcony. He is halfway up the ladder. Mary is on the balcony handing him a suitcase. So I wait until he comes down the ladder with the suitcase and I grab him and throw him. He is stronger than you would think but I weigh two hundred and fifty pounds and he is not more than a hundred and seventy-five. So pretty soon I am sitting on him and banging his head on the ground just enough to show him what I could do if I wanted. And then Mary comes down the ladder. And her three sisters come after her. I can hear them but I can't see them because I am busy holding this professor down.

"Spike," Mary said, "you have done enough to show your loyalty to your job. You had better let him up."

"Ma'am," I says, "I have the intention of sitting here until your father comes."

She jerks my gat out of the holster.

"Spike," Mary says, "I cannot bear the thought of shooting you. But if you persist I have no choice."

So I lay out flat on the professor. "Ma'am," I says, "I would not advise you to shoot me at present because the bullet would go right through me and then it would go through Professor Higgins."

"I am terribly, terribly sorry," Mary says, "but I will have to take that chance."

She puts that gun against the back of my neck. I can feel the cold end of the barrel.

"I am going to shoot," she says. "I will count three and if you have not let him up I will shoot."

This Higgins makes a wild attempt to get away but I had him by the throat.

"One!" Mary says. "Two!" she says. "Three!" she says. And then, bang! the gun went right in my ear.

The next thing I knew I was sitting up holding my car and this Higgins was loose.

"Mary!" he said. "You didn't shoot him!"

He bent over me to look at my ear.

"I told you I had put blank cartridges in his gun," Mary said.

"I know," he said, "but you have blown a hole right through the lobe of his ear. It must have been the wad."

"We've got to get him in the house," Mary said, "and fix him up."

Then we heard the boat coming. And by the time we got into the kitchen Murphy came running up the hill with Mr. Woodbridge right behind him. Mary washed my ear and put iodine on it while her father asked questions.

"I shot him," she said.

Her father kind of gasps and then he says we will all go into the living-room and talk this over. So I went into the living-room. And Woodbridge says, "Now the first thing we've all got to agree on is that this was an accident and not intentional on anybody's part." He kind of frowns and then he turns to me and he says, "O'Donnell, you shot yourself while you were cleaning your gun."

"Yes, sir," I says, "that's exactly what happened."

Woodbridge looks around the room. "Does everybody understand that?" he says.

And then he jumps up.

"Where's Mary?" he yells. "Where's Higgins?"

We all hear the drumming of the motor boat. And we all rush out. We see the boat swinging down the path of the moonlight. We all run down the hill. Woodbridge jumps into the boat Higgins had left.

"Come on, Murphy," he yells, "get going and we can catch them."

I stood there on the dock watching Murphy try to start that motor after I had torn out the ignition wires.

"Listen," I says. But the starter was making enough noise so they didn't hear me. And I says to myself, says I, "What is the use of telling these birds that I tore out them ignition wires?"

So after a while when he had run the battery down and flooded the motor, Murphy gets a flashlight and looks around and he sees them ignition wires and starts to fix them, which is not so easy on account of a couple of yards of them being gone and he can't find any wire to splice them back to the switch with.

Sarah Woodbridge and the twins were standing on the dock.

"Father," Sarah Woodbridge says, "it's no use. They have got to the mainland by now and they will be taking a train or car and you will never catch them."

"But," he says, "they might do something foolish like getting married."

"Yes, Father," Sarah says, "they undoubtedly will."

"But that man is nothing but a measly professor," her father says, "who could never make any girl happy."

"Well," Sarah says, "it is my idea of real romance to be carried off the way Mary was."

So this Woodbridge turns on me. "O'Donnell," he says, "you were hired to keep this man off the island. What excuse have you got for yourself?"

"Mr. Woodbridge," I says, "you told me this guy was a professor with no initiative and no nerve," I says. "And look what he turns out to be," I says. "You told me he would fade away if I give him a harsh look," I says. "And look what he done."

"Well," Mr. Woodbridge says, "maybe he is not as bad as I thought he was."

I LOOKED at Spike O'Donnell. "The story we got," I said, "was that Woodbridge gave his consent to the marriage over the long-distance telephone."

"Sure, he did," Spike O'Donnell said. "What else could he do?"

He fondled his ear thoughtfully. The hole in it was big enough to put a cigarette through.

"She was one sweet girl—that Mary Woodbridge," Spike O'Donnell said. "She was beautiful. And she was so smart. Think of a girl like that fixing my gun so nobody could get hurt! And I still don't know yet how she did it."

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Extra Energy

Take a tip from athletes whose feet are younger than yours

● Pound, pound, pound—your feet hitting the pavements. Getting late but still time for a few more calls. Business is business. Come on, feet, what do you say?

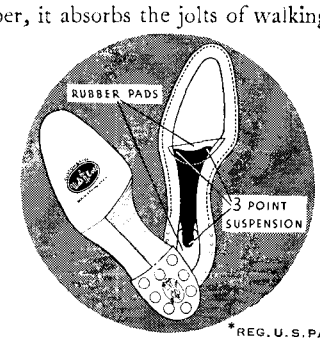
And the chances are your feet would say, if they could, "This concrete isn't the old football turf, you know. It's a darned sight harder. And we're not as young as we used to be. How about a little outside help?"

Take a tip from athletes whose feet are younger than yours. Get your extra energy from the Walk-Over Main Spring* Arch. Specially built into athletic shoes, this Arch is speeding up college football this season just as it did major league baseball last summer. As one college captain said, after the opening game, "That Arch put me on my toes. Now I get more speed."

You'll get the same kick out of the Main Spring Arch that athletes do. It's an exclusive feature (concealed between the inner and outer sole) of many smart Walk-Overs for street wear. Be fitted today at your nearest dealer. Feel like a new man tomorrow!

Here are the PLYMOUTH and DUNCAN. Each black or brown calf $8.50. Made by Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass. ●

Scientifically designed in light-weight resilient steel, the 3-point suspension Main Spring Arch supplements the natural functions of your foot. It makes it possible to walk further and faster without fatigue. It strengthens foot muscles, directs your energy forward. Cushioned on an air vacuum and rubber, it absorbs the jolts of walking.



*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WALK-OVER SHOES with the MAIN SPRING ARCH

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Dill's Best TOBACCO

SINCE 1848

No frills about Dill's Best. Nothing but good, substantial, natural-tobacco pleasure—to which the experienced taste must turn for satisfaction.

Inside wrapping of moisture-proof Cellophane, with lining of non-absorbent paper, assures prime, fresh smoking condition.

The familiar yellow tin—sign of best tobacco since 1848—completes Dill's Best triple protection

always fresh

Robbing the Working Girl

Continued from page 11

The judge ordered the courtroom windows opened from the bottom so that crowds of girls and women, standing out on the courthouse lawn, could hear the testimony within.

The most the judge could do was to fine the three men an aggregate of $130 for employing minors without permits and working women more than ten hours a day. They paid the fine in cash immediately.

Gypsy Industrialists

This new "sweatshop game" was started about a year or eighteen months ago. Someone discovered that Connecticut and, to some extent, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, were without the sort of anti-sweatshop laws that the state of New York had been forced to adopt many years ago.

So this plan was put into operation. One partner in a group of two, three or four men rents fifty or a hundred sewing machines in New York City and carries them on trucks to some old factory or loft building in some Connecticut town.

Within a dozen hours these machines are clamped to work benches, ready for use. The electric company installs a power motor on short notice. Literally within twenty-four hours, with the aid of trucks, the plant is made ready for the employment of from sixty to one hundred and fifty girls.

Meanwhile the other partner or partners are scouring the clothing district of New York City, looking for jobs to be done by the machines.

"Want some sewing done, cheap?" they ask the New York manufacturers. "You cut the goods and then give the pieces to us and we will bring the garments back to you, all sewed; very cheap."

Many New York manufacturers, bound by New York laws, give orders for such work to these "gypsy industrialists." The moment a partner in New York gets an order he sends word to the fly-by-night factory in New Haven or Norwalk or Middletown or some other Connecticut manufacturing town, wherever his partner has put up the plant, to "get a crowd of girls. I've got a two weeks' order."

A "Help Wanted" advertisement in a local newspaper, or even a cloth sign outside a window to the same effect, brings throngs of girls and women.

Hundreds and perhaps thousands of girls who answered such ads during the past summer work in these fly-by-night factories as so-called "learners" for as little as ten cents a week. The law, unfortunately for the sweatshoppers in such cases, makes it mandatory to pay wages of *some sort*.

Employers are utterly heartless in their effort to force girls to work as learners. One of Labor Commissioner Tone's inspectors was doing some detective work, disguised as a buyer, in the shabby factory office of one of these plants when he heard a stenographer ask to be paid for her first week's work. Her employer refused to give the girl any wages.

"I took you on as a learner," he said, "for a week's trial. You're just like the rest of the girls. If you don't like that arrangement, you needn't come back next week."

"You're wrong there," said the inspector, showing his star. "You pay that girl her money now, or I'll knock your brains out."

"How much?" stammered the frightened employer.

"How much did you get in your last job?" asked the inspector.

"Twenty-five dollars a week," said the girl.

And that's what she got, right then and there.

The trick in hiring learners is that any certain job may last only a week or two. In that case, with one- or two-week learners, the wolf-employers have several thousand dresses or shirts or what not sewn for almost nothing, by girls who have hungrily bit at the unbaited-hook job.

The trucks speed, most frequently during the night, back to New York with the finished goods and return with cut goods for the next day's work. I found one truck-driver who was getting three dollars for the round trip to New Haven, one hundred and fifty miles, and was expected to load and unload his truck of three or four tons of goods.

When news goes about the town, among the sewing girls, that a "factory" is paying Chinaman's wages, it is time for the "factory" to move. That's a simple operation. In every town there is some real estate agency which rents space in old factory buildings, for short or long periods.

Overnight, the fifty or more sewing machines are loaded onto trucks, rushed to another town some fifty or even one hundred miles away, and set up for operation by seven or eight o'clock the next morning.

Eleven Hours a Day

Governor Cross' first move, when these incredible conditions came to light, was to ask the Department of Labor in Washington to investigate. The Women's Bureau of that department sent investigators who sifted out the facts.

And thereafter the governor turned Commissioner Tone and the state labor bureau loose against the newcomers. There are cases on court dockets in most of the Connecticut manufacturing towns at this writing, though, under the law, none of the "employers" can be imprisoned. Chambers of Commerce officials are aiding in the drive. Low wages, the inspectors have been told by their chief, are to be expected these days. But there comes a stage in low wages when they are so low that they can't be called wages; they're so low that they become only a dodge to keep the employer out of court for failure to pay any wages at all. The puny punishment for failure to pay wages in Connecticut is fifty dollars for each offense; in New York state it is from one hundred dollars to ten thousand dollars.

Some of the arrested sweatshoppers give incredible excuses, and in some of the towns where they appear to have local political pull receive incredibly light sentences.

"I'm only new in this country," pleaded Ellis Engle, in broken English. "I don't know about your laws." He was superintendent of a silk mill in a Connecticut town, hired by employers in New York City. He did not deny that he had employed children without school certificates and had forced women to work longer than the legal ten hours a day.

Three hundred and forty-five violations of the law were charged against this "stranger." The fine might have amounted to several thousand dollars, but the case was not vigorously prosecuted by the town officials, presumably because the man did not know the law and did not understand the American standard of living. He was let off with a fine of approximately one dollar on each count, with costs; $366 in all.

Another sweatshopper, arraigned on thirty counts, was fined $105. One hundred dollars of this was remitted, because while the "company" pleaded guilty, it also pleaded that it was bankrupt and going out of business.

One girl on the witness stand in a sweatshop case declared: "Why, I get more money for testifying one day than I got for a whole week's work in the factory. Here I have a chair to sit on but the girls had to bring their own chairs to the factory where I worked, or stand all day at their machines." She was referring to the fact that the "fly-by-nighters" do not move bulky chairs in their gypsy-industry trucks.

They have no clocks to move, either. Most of the girls in these sweatshops testify that they are even asked not to wear wrist watches. In some places the girls are not allowed to talk to each other. No one ever seems to know what time it is, unless some street clock can be seen through a window or the town-clock chimes tell the secret.

The noon hour? Well, that comes when the boss shuts off the power and the machines stop. Lunch is over as soon as the boss starts the motor again and yells to the backward ones to "get to work."

"It's almost certain," one inspector told me, "that in many places the girls get only twenty or twenty-five minutes for lunch. In thousands of cases they worked eleven or more hours a day, during rush orders and Sundays as well."

The day's work isn't done until the power is again turned off.

One sweatshopper, seeking to have an extra truckload of dresses ready, rushed one hundred and fifty girls like mad through an afternoon, saying that he wanted to close early to go to a wedding. The girls, like good soldiers, worked at top speed, but the power was not turned off the machines until 7:30 that evening, and no girl dared, at the risk of her job, to leave before the wheels went dead. The boss said good-night to them all, with a parting laugh at the good joke he had played on them. And in this same factory an experienced girl received $1.04 for ten days' work, part of the time as a learner.

The Battle Has Just Begun

A full set of anti-sweatshop laws will probably be passed by the next Connecticut legislature. Labor Commissioner Tone is making his plans for such a movement. They will provide for a forty-eight-hour week for women and an even shorter week for girls under sixteen. An effort will be made to pass a minimum wage law for minors.

And, to take especial care of the fly-by-nighters, who, in many cases, have run away without paying any wages at all, the punishment for failing to pay wages will consist not only of heavy fines, but will also include a good-sized term in a cell.

Increasing prices mean better times for everyone. But increasing prices for many low-priced garments of cotton or silk will mean double good times for thousands of girls and women in Connecticut, who, for a little while, until the secret was out, were working under conditions that went beyond slavery—because a slave owner at least saw that his workers were fed and housed.

Commissioner Tone's battle has just begun.

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Waterman's

38 MILE TEST

...like signing your name 728,514 times...

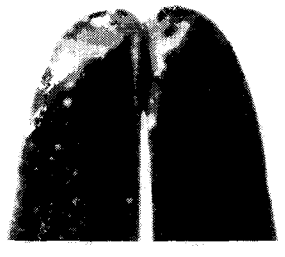
Think of it! Four pen points—a Waterman's and three competitive makes—each traversed a distance of approximately 38 miles in a mechanical writing test made to determine their comparative ability to withstand wear. This distance was equivalent to signing an average signature 728,514 times . . . years of usage crammed into a matter of hours.

The microscope-photos illustrate the results. The three competitive points showed decided wear and developed various flaws . . . while the Waterman's point emerged with its original roundness and smoothness—*as good as new!* A dramatic demonstration of the superiority of the Waterman's pen as a writing instrument!

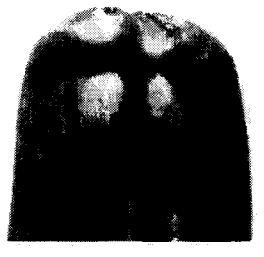
This enduring quality, together with rare beauty of design, combine to make Waterman's the biggest dollar-for-dollar value in a fountain pen—whether you pay $2.75 or $10.00. And with seven different styles of points from which to choose you are certain of getting a pen that will exactly suit your style of handwriting.

The next time you buy a pen, whether for yourself or as a gift, be sure to insist upon a Waterman's! The name is your guarantee of years of perfect writing performance . . . and, after all, that's what counts! L. E. Waterman Co., New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Montreal.

As the microscope-photos show, only the Waterman's point came through the 38-mile writing test in perfect condition.



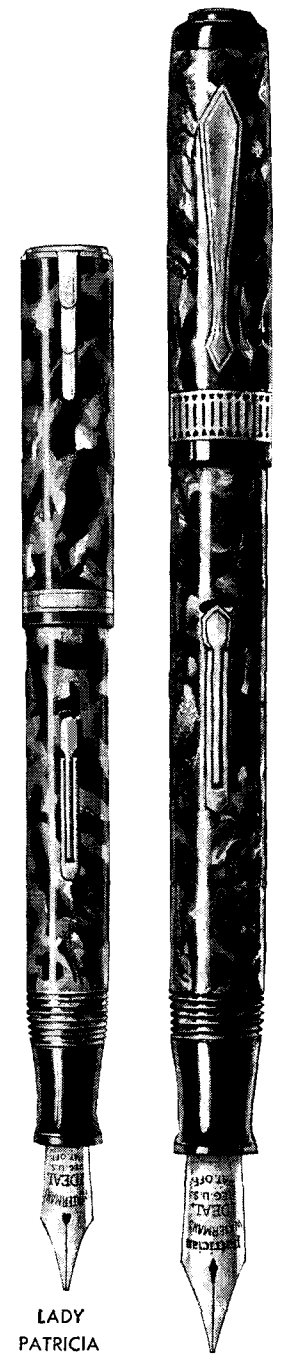
Other Make No. 1—*Both point tips worn flat. Ink channel obstructed by worn metal.*



Other Make No. 2—*Right hand point worn shorter than left. Tip extremely rough.*

Other Make No. 3—*Ridges worn into entire writing surface. Right hand tip flat and pitted.*

Waterman's—*Perfect roundness and smoothness unaffected by severity of 38-mile test.*



LADY PATRICIA

PATRICIAN

Do you know you can get a Waterman's . . . the world's finest writing instrument . . . for as little as $2.75?

WATERMAN'S • PENS • PENCILS • INKS

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How to escape many colds altogether

New VICKS NOSE DROPS amazingly successful

LAST WINTER, after years of research, Vicks perfected a remarkable new product—Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—based on a new idea for *preventing* colds. Already they've shown millions the way to fewer colds.

At that first stuffy, sneezy irritation—use Vicks Nose Drops. Promptly, gently, they soothe irritated membranes. They help keep air-passages clear. They help Nature fight off the cold that threatens—before it gets a grip on you.

Vicks Nose Drops are convenient. Easy to use—any time, any place. Keep a bottle handy, at home or at work, and escape many colds altogether.

If you've caught a cold already

Sometimes, of course, a cold strikes without warning or it slips by every precaution. Then, at bedtime, use Vicks VapoRub—the external standby in *treating* colds. Its direct double-action brings quicker, surer relief. Simply rubbed on, its stimulating poultice effect and its soothing, medicated vapors combine to check the cold. During the day—for added comfort and relief—use the convenient Vicks Nose Drops as needed.

Follow Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds

Together Vicks VapoRub and Vicks Nose Drops give you a great new help in fighting colds. With certain simple rules of health, they form the new Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds in the home.

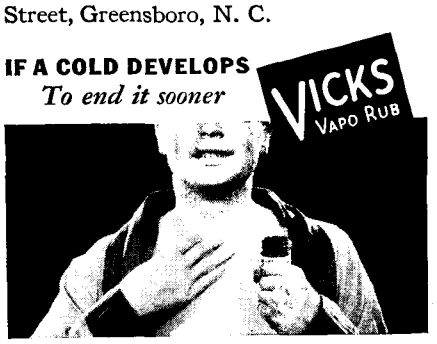
This Plan means fewer colds, less severe colds, less expense from colds. Follow it, as the folder in each Vicks package describes. It will lessen the worry and cost of colds for you the whole winter long.

Trial offer!

Your druggist has Vicks VapoRub (now in white *stainless* form, if you prefer). Also two new products—Vicks Nose & Throat Drops and a pleasant Vicks Cough Drop, actually medicated with ingredients of VapoRub. If you wish to test these new products before buying, and learn more about Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds, send 3c in stamps to Vick Chemical Company, 51 Bryce Street, Greensboro, N. C.

WHEN COLDS THREATEN
To prevent many colds

IF A COLD DEVELOPS
To end it sooner



You can't Marry an Alibi

Continued from page 9

in buttons was polishing the knocker—all for Miss Sharon. Bill went out to the garage and began to polish Sharon's car. They would be wanting it for the Wintringhams' dance.

It seemed strange to Bill that they should go to the Wintringhams' that last night before the wedding. But Sharon came down with a high bright color in her cheeks and her slippers twinkling like quicksilver; Mr. Parr tucked his flask into his pocket and said he could dance forever. He said she was the most gorgeous thing in the world.

Bill put them down at the Wintringhams' step, and found a parking space a little apart from the other waiting cars. The estate stood on a bluff above the river, with trees and a tangle of shrubbery. Bill drew in under a gnarled old oak and switched off the lights. The music and the moon twisted themselves into his mood. He fingered a small box in his pocket . . . and everything was different.

TOMORROW it would be all over. Sharon would be Mrs. Alison Biron Parr—and Bill would go away to forget a tipped-up chin and storm-blue eyes in a small, pointed face.

Bill would not have minded quite so much, if he had thought that Mr. Parr was the right sort. He would have tried to be content in Sharon's happiness. But sometimes he wondered if Mr. Parr could make anyone happy long—anyone except Alison Biron Parr.

Mr. Parr had charm—Bill admitted that: the kind of charm that sweeps away knowledge. Still, Bill could not help knowing that after the sixth cocktail at the Kilburns' Mr. Parr had disappeared with Candace Leury—and had not come back. That right after the highball he had kissed the Carmody's maid—the pretty one with the dimples—on the Carmody's back steps. Mr. Parr could have explained it, though. Mr. Parr could explain anything. . . .

Suddenly Bill was sitting tense, erect. Two figures had come through a French window to the lawn. There was no mistaking Candace Leury. There was no mistaking the man with her. His arm went tightly round her; the moon winked on his gold flask. They came quickly toward the drive. "I'll be your sugar daddy," Mr. Parr was saying. "And you'll be my Candy kiss. . . ." They climbed into Candace's car. After a little they pulled down the curtains. . . .

Sharon came out of the house alone. She was breath-takingly lovely: all shining in her silver gown under the silver moon. She stood still for a minute in the shadow of a pillar, as if to make sure that nobody had followed. Then she was a bright arrow, flying across the dark. She came to rest in the seat beside Bill.

"I wanted to see you again," she said, breathless with running. "I wanted to—wish you luck, and everything. . . ."

"That was nice of you," said Bill. His voice was stiff, because he was struggling for self-control. "You ought not to be here," he added conscientiously. He was intensely aware of Mr. Parr and Candace over there together. . . .

"It's quite proper," said Sharon.

Bill saw that Sharon was shivering in the night wind from the river. He took off his coat instead and wrapped it round her shoulders.

They sat still for a long time. Then Bill drew his hand out of his pocket. There was a small box in it. He leaned over and laid it in Sharon's lap. "It's your wedding present," he said.

Sharon opened the box. Inside there was a ring. It was very beautiful and very old, a great square emerald, all ice without and fire within, in a setting of twisted gold. Sharon, accustomed as she was to splendid things, cried out when she saw it.

"*Bill!*" she cried. "You didn't . . . you mustn't . . . I can't . . ."

"It was my mother's," said Bill simply. "I want you to keep it. I always meant to give it to the girl I married. But I'd rather give it to the girl I love."

"Bill . . ." she said again. She lifted her face, and it was small and white, and the eyes were great black pools in it, of wonder and dismay. "Bill. . . ." She laid her hand softly over his.

It was that touch that did it. The warmth and marvel of it flooded up to Bill's shoulder and into his pounding heart. He took Sharon in his arms and kissed her.

Then they were apart again. Sharon was in her corner of the car, and Bill was in his; and all the bright and brittle fragments of Bill's world, the decent world of seeming and pretense, lay shattered between them.

"I'm sorry," Bill said simply.

Sharon's voice broke a little. "Go ahead," she said a trifle wildly. "Say I made you do it. I did, you know."

"No," said Bill. "I did it because I wasn't strong enough not to. I'm sorry, Sharon. Forget it ever happened."

Sharon was standing outside on the ground. The box was in her hand. "I won't forget, Bill," she said.

Bill took Sharon and Mr. Parr home at dawn. No one could have complained then of Mr. Parr's ardor. But Sharon would not let him get out when they reached the Fairfield house.

"Hurry along and go to bed," she said lightly. "It isn't many hours to twelve o'clock— And don't you oversleep!"

At the top of the steps she turned, and flung a kiss back. The porch light shone full down on her—and there was such love and faith in that kiss that Bill turned his head away sharply so that he should not see. Mr. Parr flung a graceful kiss in return. The gears clashed under Bill's shaking hand.

THEY swung in through the stone gates of the Evergreens. "Look here, feller," said Mr. Parr suddenly. "I need a pick-me-up, and I need it bad, if I'm going to see that wedding through at noon. But I'm all out myself. Have you got anything on you?"

"No," said Bill shortly.

He let Mr. Parr get out without assistance, and the car slid away.

Bill did not go straight back, however. He took the longer way by the Ledge Road; he stopped on a bluff above the river and sat staring down the valley into the streaked morning sky.

Once, as he sat there, a roadster went rocketing past, swinging precariously from side to side down the narrow mountain road. There were two people inside. For a wild instant Bill imagined that the man in the driver's seat was Mr. Parr. But that was absurd. Bill had just left Mr. Parr, sleepy, at the Evergreens. He could not drive anyway, because he had no license. Bill's fancy was playing him tricks.

Bill sat beside the river until broad day. It wasn't right. It wasn't just. And he couldn't do a thing about it. For, after all, Sharon loved him. . . .

(Continued on page 38*)*

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Up Till 3 This morning
Smoking Too Much
Eating, Drinking *Too Much*

Yet... 9 A. M. Finds Him without "Acid Headache" or Upset Stomach

"Don't overindulge — don't eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwisely" is the Law of Good Health.

If you don't follow that law—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia; scientists say; is the QUICKEST, SIMPLEST AND EASIEST way to correct its effects. All you do is this:

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water before bed."

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water with the juice of a WHOLE ORANGE when you get up."

Or take six Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets the same way, which give an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia, for each Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablet equals one teaspoonful of the liquid Milk of Magnesia.

What It Does

This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to alkalize the system. And an alkalized system is largely impervious to the bad after-effects of excessive smoking — excessive eating, drinking.

It sweetens and purifies your stomach. Banishes the acid headache, sour stomach, deadly depression that mark the price of immoderations.

Results are quick and almost invariable. Your head clears, your stomach settles—you feel like a new person.

Every person who smokes should know this. And take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia EVERY NIGHT before bed. Every person who overindulges in food or drink should know it. And keep a bottle of "Phillips'" in his medicine chest.

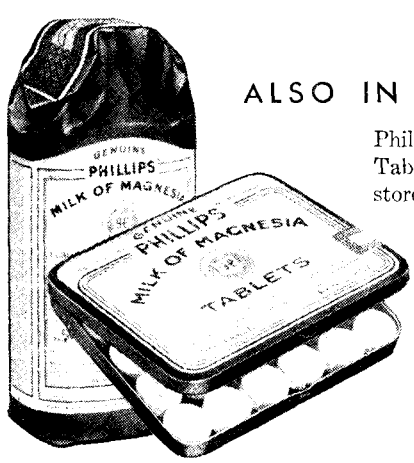
Try it—just *once*. You will be amazed at what it does.

Be sure to get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia when you buy. All "Milk of Magnesia" is not alike in effect, so look for the name Phillips—get the kind doctors endorse.

THE LAW of Good Living says: "Don't overindulge, eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwisely."

• • •

Science says: "If you do, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is probably the quickest and most effective way to avoid feeling its after-effects."



ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

NEUTRALIZES FOOD AND TOBACCO ACIDS A FEW MINUTES AFTER TAKING.

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"See this mark?

It means good light at low cost"

"Many people don't know that lamps can make a big difference in lighting bills. Poor lamps use more current than Edison MAZDA Lamps to give the same amount of light. Sometimes the extra current is as much as a third more. That's just so much wasted. Using a poor lamp is like paying for a pound of sugar and getting only two-thirds of a pound . . . except that a poor lamp goes on wasting current as long as it lasts. It would be expensive to use poor lamps if you could get them for nothing."

—KELLOGG & BERTINE, electrical dealers, 690 Madison Avenue, New York City.

ON October 29th, 53 years ago, Thomas A. Edison gave to the world the first practical incandescent electric lamp. It gave only a tenth as much light as you get today from an Edison MAZDA Lamp of the same wattage . . . . and the high cost of current made electric light expensive.

Today, because of General Electric research and development, good light is one of the most useful conveniences provided by your electric service company . . . . and it is inexpensive, especially if you use lamps made to the precise standards of General Electric—Edison MAZDA Lamps.

To make sure that the lamps you use will give you all the light you pay for, buy a brand with the trademark of a dependable manufacturer.

Let this mark GE which you will find on the end of every Edison MAZDA Lamp be your guide when buying lamps for any lighting purpose.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric manufactures lamps for all lighting purposes . . . lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Sunlight Lamps, too.

You can't Marry an Alibi

Continued from page 36

It was a quarter to twelve.

In the Fairfield garden the chairs were all in place, and the white ribbons, and the white blossoms in the ushers' buttonholes; the carpet down which the bride would pass was exactly without a wrinkle; the late roses that made a bower above the altar were exactly in their glory. Some of the guests were already arriving. . . .

Sharon was just slipping into the wedding gown, a handful of mist and cloud.

"Oh, he'll be here, all right," she said. "It's too soon to expect him."

It was ten minutes to twelve.

Sharon was arranging her veil.

"You'd better call again," her mother said.

"All right," said Sharon. "Call again."

It was five minutes to twelve. . . . It was twelve o'clock.

The guests were craning their necks in expectant silence. The musicians were raising their bows. The vicar was clearing his throat.

Sharon was ready. Everybody was ready. Everybody but Mr. Alison Biron Parr.

Bill was out in the garage, fiercely polishing the car for the two hundredth time. . . .

AT a quarter past twelve Bill looked up from his polishing. Sharon stood in the door. Sharon had on her wedding gown, with the train caught over her arm. Sharon had on her wedding veil, floating out behind her. Sharon had her bride's bouquet clutched tightly to her breast. Sharon's face was whiter than the blossoms.

"He hasn't come," she said. "I called and he didn't answer. I sent down and he isn't there. Oh, Bill—can't you find him?"

Bill laid down his polishing cloth, and stood up straight, and looked at Sharon. His face was suddenly as white as hers. Whiter. A dreadful knowledge flashed across his mind. It *had* been Mr. Parr in that passing swaying roadster. Bill groaned. "It's my fault," he said. "I ought to have followed him. Wait."

Bill went roaring down the Ledge Road with the accelerator jammed to the floor. Suddenly he slammed on the brakes. There was a squirt of gravel and the smell of raked rubber. Through the bushes where a narrow wood road turned off from the highway, Bill thought that he caught a wink of red light.

The roadster was standing round a bend in the wood road, with all the lights full on. Mr. Parr was asleep beside it. A gold flask and a jeweled flask and a squat black bottle lay empty at his feet. Candace Leury's head was on his shoulder.

It was, after all, less than half an hour before Bill was back again. It seemed a long time. Mr. Parr sat slumped beside him. He did not get out.

"Wanna drink," he murmured.

"I was mistaken," said Sharon. "I thought it was a wedding that you wanted."

Mr. Parr climbed out then. Bill helped him. But the shock of Sharon's small, cold voice, the sight of her standing there so still and cold and lovely in her bridal white sobered him like a dash of river water. When he spoke again his voice was only slightly blurred. "Hon'y," he said. "I've been jus' about frantic, thinkin' about you waitin' and waitin' here, when I couldn't get to you. I was held up. . . ."

Sharon Fairfield's look did not change, but her voice was chill with knowledge. "Don't tell me about the holdup," she said. "I know where you were. My dressmaker lives out the Ledge Road, and she saw your lights and went down. She called me up just after Bill left."

Mr. Parr's manner became more ingratiating. There was something rather dreadful in his automatic exercise of charm. "Listen, darlin'," he said. "It wasn't my fault. I didn't tell you before, because I was afraid you'd be upset. It was all Candy's fault. She had to send a telegram. Made me drive her to Kenwick. We ran out of gas. . . ."

"You went to Kenwick to send a telegram," said Sharon, incredulous. "You ran out of gas on the Ledge Road a mile from town—and you've only had nine hours to walk back."

"I was going to walk back," said Mr. Parr quickly. "I was waiting for daylight. Candy gave me a drink. It must have been doped. Candy is a vixen. I thought I'd get forty winks to rest up for the wedding, and the next thing . . ."

"Hush," said Sharon. "Let me think."

Mr. Parr's manner changed suddenly. The liquor warped his judgment. "It's your precious Bill's fault," he cried. "It never would have happened if it hadn't been for him. I asked him to get me a drink and he wouldn't. If he'd got me a drink the way I asked him, I'd have gone to sleep in the hotel and I'd been right there this morning. He wanted to get me in wrong. Hanging round you all summer. . . ."

"Stop!" said Sharon swiftly.

Mr. Parr did not stop. He was beyond reason. "It's your own fault," he shouted. "Playing fast and loose with him. I suppose you think I don't know. Letting him make love to you last night out there in your car. . . ."

Bill stepped forward then . . . and the thing that he had been holding himself back from doing all summer suddenly was done. Bill's fist shot out, with all Bill's anger and hurt and pride and love behind it. The blow took Mr. Parr in the wind. He sat down abruptly on the garage floor, his legs thrust out before him, his feet rolling foolishly on polished heels.

SHARON was shaking uncontrollably—the bride's bouquet shook against her breast, and the diamond shook on her hand. But she lifted up her chin and her storm-blue eyes were steady. When she spoke her voice was steady too. She did not look at Bill. "I promised to marry you," she said to Mr. Parr. "I meant to keep my promise even after I found out—certain things. I meant to keep it even this morning, when you made a joke of our wedding. I think I would have kept it, if you could have been honest—just once. But . . . I can't marry an alibi." And suddenly the diamond was still again, between the rolling heels of Mr. Parr.

But the queer part of it was that when Sharon turned to Bill a moment later, she was still wearing a ring. It was a great square emerald, all ice without and fire within, in a setting of twisted gold. She lifted up her hand a little, so that Bill should see. She lifted up her lips.

If you truly love a person, nothing else matters. . . .

"Honestly. . . ?" said Bill.

Sharon nodded. "All summer. . . . After all," she said a little shakily, "they're out there waiting for me to marry somebody. I guess I'd better marry the man I love."

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"Most People Need Help"

Accumulating Money, like "Getting Well", Requires Determination, Says Miss Anderson

MISS SARAH C. ANDERSON is Superintendent of Nurses, Methodist Hospital, Houston, Texas.

And like many professional men and women, Miss Anderson has solved the problem of laying aside for her future by adopting a system of self-obligatory thrift.

With the same calm deliberation that characterizes her daily routine, Miss Anderson has successfully cashed two Investors Syndicate certificates, and has others in effect at this time.

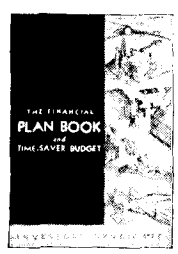
"One need have no fears about the day when she is too old to work if she will plan ahead now", she says. "But most people need help. Determination is the big thing, in thrift and in 'getting well'.

"Investors Syndicate Plans provide sympathetic help for the earner. And how quickly your money accumulates under one of these plans!"

Do you need help to start you on the road to "financial health?" A representative of Investors Syndicate will help you select the plan to fit your own condition regardless of the size of your income.

LISTEN: *To "Musical Memories"—Investors Syndicate's Sunday evening radio concerts of old and new musical favorites over Columbia-WABC coast-to-coast network—each Sunday at 7:30 p.m. E.S.T.—6:30 p.m. C.S.T.—5:30 p.m. M.S.T.—and 4:30 p.m. P.S.T.*

Real Help in Planning and Getting Ahead



Investors Syndicate's Financial Plan Book and Time-Saver Budget:

Contains simple, convenient *Thrift Plans* by which more than 210,000 individuals and businesses are accumulating money for:

Independence at 50, 55 or 60
Education of children
Home ownership
Means and leisure for travel
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Also contains the "Time-Saver Budget"—absolutely new — the simplest, most commonsense budget method ever developed for controlling personal or family spending.

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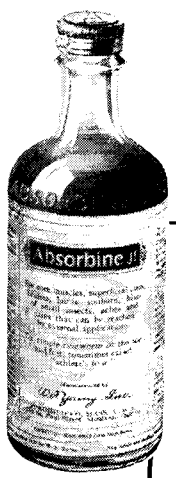

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Used by thousands for "Athlete's Foot"

He could take it

Continued from page 19

let Thomas and Jones carry that apple. Mix the plays up—give 'em plenty of reverses and laterals but let Joe and Buzz tote that ball."

Benny nodded, his mind telling him that was good strategy. He was a real ball player, that kid.

It is history how Yale stopped that State attack cold during the first half. The Yale linemen played heads-up football. They were big, bruising and smart. They knew all the tricks and they refused to be fooled by reverses, laterals or quick thrusts through the line.

JUST as Yale stopped the State attack so did State stop the sons of Eli. The half ended with the score 0—0, and the teams, full of mutual respect, walked to the dressing-rooms. State was tired and Lowry was worried as he looked at his players stretched out on the cement floor, breathing heavily. The trainers passed among them, wetting their lips with sponges and placing lumps of ice on the backs of their necks. Benny alone seemed untired. He waved away a trainer who came with a bowl of oatmeal water and he sat with Lowry, talking earnestly with the coach.

"I can't find a weak spot in that line," he said. "We're playing a good team, Coach."

Lowry looked thoughtful. "I think I'll start Haggard in your place at quarter this half, Benny. Then I'll shoot you in about the middle of the period. You'll get a good rest that way and you can go in and shoot the works."

So Haggard started the second half. And Yale scored!

"It's up to you, Benny," Lowry said softly, pulling the blanket off the boy's shoulders. "They've got us seven to nothing, and I want to win this ball game."

"You're gonna win this ball game," Benny panted—and ran out on the field. The State stands let out a mighty whoop. It wasn't a roar—it was a shriek. The State players felt better. Benny was back in now—everything would be okay.

Mullins kicked off. Benny was standing almost on his goal line and the ball dropped into his arms.

"Take a man, everybody!" he yelled as he started up the field. And his teammates gave him interference that *was* interference. A dozen times it seemed as though Yale hands were on him but always he swerved away. He crossed the line standing up, not even breathing hard and already planning his offense for the rest of the game. Of course he kicked the goal—Benny was best when the heat was on and State needed that point.

So they went into the final period with the count knotted at 7 to 7. That was a ball game. Players on both teams were reeling with exhaustion. They were tired but the excitement of the game had so gripped them that they were able to forget the pounding in their lungs and the continual buzz in their ears.

Benny was playing as he had never played before. He lashed his men with his tongue. He cajoled them, threatened them, coaxed them and his voice beat a symphony of encouragement in their tired brains. Only three minutes to go now and a tie seemed imminent.

But three minutes is an eternity sometimes. Yale was relentless. Mullins, Jordan, Peters—they hammered, hammered, hammered. Sooner or later they'd shake one of the three loose. Sooner or . . .

It was Mullins who broke through. He shot inside tackle and cut toward the side lines. But Benny got him. He came down with a crash and his head hit the ground. The ball trickled from his grasp to roll toward the goal line. Benny somehow recovered himself. Yale men were all around him as he got to his feet. It seemed as if ten men dived for the ball at once but Benny was there first. He hugged the pigskin and winced as he felt bodies piling on him. It wasn't intentional but the Yale men couldn't stop their mad rush. They pulled them off one by one—and there was Benny lying inertly with the ball clutched to him just a yard from that last white line.

"Get out there, Doc," Lowry called to Doc Lee, the team's physician; Benny was out. . . .

Ammonia fumes cut the fog in Benny's brain. His eyes opened. He stirred uneasily and his eyes closed again as he felt a burning pain in his right ankle.

"How are you, Benny?" the doctor asked anxiously.

Benny nodded, trying to pull himself together. "What day is it, Benny?"

Benny shook himself. He'd have to answer the doc. If he could only get rid of him before he noticed that bad leg.

"It's Saturday, Doc, and we're going to beat Yale, so get out of here."

No one ever knew what an effort it cost Benny but he got to his feet and pushed the doctor away.

"I guess you're all right, kid." The medico grinned, and picked up his little black bag.

"Yeah, I can take it, Doc," Benny said through set teeth.

BENNY took stock of the situation. The ball was on his one-yard line. It was first down. Less than half a minute remained to play. Only time for one play. Should he kick? It might be blocked—his linemen were tired. Should he throw a long pass? It might be intercepted. Should he throw a pass deliberately to some spot where he knew it would fall to the ground? No. Benny didn't believe in safety-first tactics. Should he? . . . *He would!*

"Kick formation—Burns back!" Benny screamed. The team slowly got into position. That ankle was worse now. It hurt so that Benny wanted to lie down and . . . but he could take it. He always said he could take it.

"Eight—six—seven—five . . ." Benny called. He was standing eight yards in back of his own goal line. Dangerous, this play—but "All or nothing," Benny said mentally. "Eight—six—seven—fi . . ."

The ball came to him, a sweet pass to his left. He took it on the run.

It was a risky play and Benny knew it. He had called for a slant just outside of tackle. To be tackled there behind his goal line would mean a safety, two points, and the game. Out of the corner of his eye Benny saw Park, the best running guard in the country, snap out of his right-guard position to lead the interference—saw him Indianize the Yale left end, cutting him down like a scythe cuts down a stalk of wheat. He saw, all in the one full second it took to do it, Jones and Thomas take out the Yale left tackle. Jones hit him low just below the knee cap. Thomas hit him high and he tumbled over like an oak tree that has been cut down.

All of this Benny saw as he turned sharply to shoot through the hole made by the smothering of the Yale end and tackle. Then—he was through. He

(Continued on page 43)

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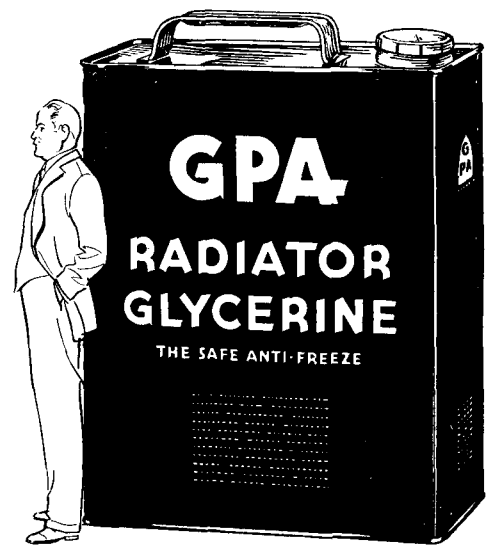

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To go on, unfaltering, against overwhelming odds... to keep on fighting when desertion was so much easier—this is what made America a nation. And it is this same gallant American spirit which will lead us to victory in the critical struggle of the winter now at hand.

There are thousands upon thousands of our fellow countrymen who need, desperately, to know that we will *not* desert them this winter: men whose morale has been undermined by repeated discouragements ...women forced to sit helpless while their loved ones suffer and their homes are broken up... little children who may grow up feeling that their own country has betrayed them... that their Land of Promise has broken its faith.

You have already given generously, courageously; and your generosity has restored many to happiness. But while others are still hungry and hopeless... while others are still sick of body and sick of soul—the fight is not yet won.

As you honor the memory of that first Valley Forge—DON'T DESERT NOW!

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WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION FOR 1932

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He could take it

Continued from page 40

was over the white line. Now it was up to him! He cut back sharply to the right. Mullins, one hundred and eighty-eight pounds of bone and muscle, blocked his path. Benny's right arm shot out like a piston and the butt of his hand hit the fullback's throat. A pretty stiff-arm. Mullins was passed. That leg was blazing now. It was on fire. Invisible devils were pushing pins into it. Benny drew in his breath with a sob.

THE State stands were delirious again. Benny's head was up. He was thinking. This was no foot race. He was in a forest of blue-jerseyed Yale players. Now he changed his direction and headed down the field.

Phelan, Yale safety man, came running. A deadly tackler, too. Benny saw him gather himself for a spring. He lunged but just before his feet left the ground Benny came to almost a full stop—just for a fraction of a second—but it was enough. Phelan's body flew by him and he had time to note the agonized expression on the Yale man's face as he realized that he had failed. Then—he was alone. He was off.

One white line after another flashed under his feet. "Come on, you sweetheart!" Lowry screamed from the bench.

Twenty yards—then fifteen—to go and the noise was so great that no one heard the umpire's horn. Ten yards to go and a gasp and sudden shocked silence came down from the stands. Benny was reeling. He had slowed to a walk, and Yale feet were pounding behind him. Then, as though shaken by a sudden wind, he lunged forward to stagger the remaining ten yards. He'd made it, he sobbed to himself. That ankle was killing him. For a moment there on the ten-yard stripe it had almost given way. But he was Benny Burns—he could take it.

The next two minutes were only a confused nightmare to Benny. The game, according to the clock, was over but the goal after touchdown had to be tried. Benny called to Thomas. "You try it, Joe," he gasped, and the big back nodded grimly with a pleased smile on his face. He'd never even tried to kick a goal after touchdown but he kicked that one, to make the score State 14, Yale 7—and the game was over.

Now the storm broke. Undulating waves of crazed spectators swept down the field. They had eyes for only one player—Benny. They carried him singing and chanting toward the dressing-room. Suddenly the pain left him. The cheers of the mob intoxicated him. What a great game this was. The pain was forgotten. He felt light-headed and happy. He wanted to shout, to yell with happiness. Instead, he cried. It seems ridiculous, doesn't it—Benny Burns crying?

"THAT was just a year ago today," the little man said slowly.

The old grad was on his feet, his eyes sparkling. He had been reliving that game. "Man, what a game that was. I never saw anyone play like Benny. But I never knew he cried. It doesn't sound like Benny to cry."

The little man smiled very, oh, very gently—a rather sad smile. "Yes, I was standing at the entrance to the dressing-room. I waved at Benny but he didn't recognize me. His eyes were full of tears—happy tears."

Then [the little man went on] they laid Benny on the rubbing table.

By now Lowry knew that there was something wrong with Benny's ankle. Doc Lee stripped the shoe from his right foot, took one look. . . .

"It's just a little sprain," Benny murmured.

"It's just a little break," Lee said, with a look of awe in his eyes. "How in God's name did you ever make that run?"

"Aw, hell, Doc, I can take it," Benny said—and then fainted.

There was no question about Benny's being picked as All-America quarterback last year. He stood head and shoulders above every signal caller in the country. The period between the end of the season and graduation was a pleasant one for Benny. He was fêted and honored as perhaps no athlete ever was fêted and honored.

Oh, Benny's father was a proud man. He had plotted Benny's life from the cradle—had determined to make him the football player that, because of his poor physique, he himself had never been. He had done this. Benny had always obeyed him unhesitatingly and willingly. But now, when his father wanted him to take a job in the bank, settle down—

Benny had listened to the applause of the world and found it a heady wine. Benny had cavorted in the spotlight and he liked its warmth. He hated to turn his back on football. His leg was better now, but the dazzling speed which had been his was gone forever. This eliminated him from playing professional football but it didn't prevent him from coaching.

His father was against it but for once he found Benny obdurate. "It would be a crime to refuse all this money they're offering me to coach. Why, I can be an assistant coach to Lowry at State if I want. I can be head coach at any one of a dozen small colleges. I think I'll take Wayne's offer. All I have to do is to make a reputation there, turn out a winning team, and I can step into a head coach's job at a big college. I can't miss."

BENNY had dreams of being another Knute Rockne or Lou Little. His father couldn't say no and Benny took the job at Wayne College, a little fresh-water university that had been in the football doldrums for years.

So at the beginning of the season Benny found himself at Wayne. He was dismayed at the start. This was different from State. There, a squad of ninety would answer the first call for candidates. At Wayne, Benny had just twenty-five men out of whom to pick a team. There wasn't a big-league player among them and they seemed pitifully weak and inexperienced to Benny, accustomed to the gridiron giants he had been playing with and against at State.

Wayne was a small college and in poor financial shape. Football had to carry all the other sports and prospective gate receipts had been the real reason why Benny had been approached by the college authorities. The great record that State had made during the past two years had made Lowry's team the best drawing card in the country. Wayne wanted to schedule State because even the comparatively small percentage of the gate receipts which Wayne would receive would be enough to make the season a financial success. They counted on State's being grateful to Benny. They figured that Benny could persuade the State athletic authorities to put Wayne on the State schedule and

(Continued on page 44)

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When dandruff appears it generally indicates a neglected scalp—sluggish circulation, a lack of natural oils. Protect yourself from these common complaints and defy dandruff. Get a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and treat your scalp to its soothing benefits before each weekly shampoo. Apply the Tonic liberally and massage gently for about five minutes with an upward, rotary motion. Steaming the head with hot, wet towels helps to open the pores, and lets the cleansing Tonic penetrate where it can do the most good. If you can leave the Tonic on the hair overnight, so much the better, but spread a protective towel over your pillow. Follow the treatment with a careful shampoo. The regular use of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic will help ward off dandruff, keep the scalp in a healthy condition, and impart that softness, sheen and lustre that characterizes well-cared for, beautiful hair.

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(Continued from page 43)

that's just what happened. State gave Wayne the week before the Yale game, which this year had been scheduled a week later than last. It was a good spot for Wayne, for State was sure to compile a fine early-season record and everyone would want to see Lowry's machine in action.

Benny felt jubilant when he scheduled that game with his old team. He had dreams in which he saw his new team defeat his old and he saw himself hailed as a miracle coach.

In its own class Wayne did very well. Benny worked hard with his boys and they came to the State game with a clean record. That brings us to today and the reason for this story. There are no heartaches in football, mister? [The little man turned to the old grad.] Football is glamorous, glorious? Well, maybe.

BENNY felt pretty good stepping on that State gridiron again. He felt confident enough, too. He had a smart little team, a fighting team, and he knew that it could give State a real battle. Then there was always a chance that with a few breaks . . . Benny hardly allowed himself to think of that.

State was to play Yale next week and Benny knew that Lowry would send his substitutes in there. He wouldn't want to chance any injuries to his stars.

Benny told his team to start fast. He wanted to get the jump on his old team if possible. Well, his team did start fast. They took the kick-off and, working Lowry's own attack nicely, jammed the ball from their own ten-yard line right down the field. They shot reverse plays, laterals and even the ancient "end around" play at the rather surprised State second-string players. Benny had developed one nice back—"Speed" Thornton. He had been carrying the ball four out of five times and he had been doing a nice job of work.

Yes, Wayne looked fine—for ten minutes. Now the ball was on the State twenty-yard stripe and when Thornton sneaked through tackle to lunge forward eleven yards the ball was only nine yards away from the goal line.

State hadn't been scored on all year and Lowry wanted to protect that spotless record. He had intended leaving his shock troops in there all during the game but now things were changed. He spoke a few sharp words and eleven men threw off blankets. They trotted grinning out on the field and the eleven who had started trotted dejectedly off. State was mad now. This nonsense had gone far enough. Hadn't they smothered Dartmouth two weeks ago? Hadn't they humbled Colgate and Pennsylvania? They'd slap this little Wayne team down for its impertinence.

They lined up. It was first down and Thornton again took the ball. He jammed into the line, into Park—who had been so great on Benny's team the year before. Park dropped him with a teeth-loosening tackle and the ball flew from Thornton's arms. Red Smith, the same great end who had caught many a forward pass thrown by Benny in the two previous years, scooped it up and ran. He impatiently shook off Wayne tacklers to streak the length of the field for State's first score. To make matters worse, Thornton lay where he had been tackled.

Benny rushed out to him. "How are you, Thorny?" He bent over the boy.

Thornton raised vacant eyes to his. *"Omnes Gallia in tres partes divisa est,"* he said clearly. *"Omnes Gallia in tres partes divisa est."*

Benny waved to the bench and two substitutes came out to help Thornton in. He would play no more football for Benny that day. His mind was in a classroom. Nothing serious, Benny knew—just a jolt—but there went his one good ball carrier.

That sudden touchdown, Thornton's injury, the tigerish roar of the State stands, wilted the Wayne team. Five minutes before they had been alert, smart, fairly capable—but now? They were a nervous, leaderless, disorganized group of eleven individuals.

State hammered that Wayne line unmercifully. State sneaked around the Wayne ends. State bewildered Wayne with passes and laterals. The crowd howled with glee.

Wayne tore in furiously trying to get at those State ball carriers, but a furious man can be tipped off balance so easily. Wayne fought like a maddened bull, but a maddened bull never won a decision over anything but another maddened bull.

State laughed at Wayne's furious rushes, and Benny, huddled on the bench, listened to the crowd which had once cheered him laughing at his team. Every time a State back galloped down the field for a score his cleats beat a cruel tattoo on Benny's heart. Benny wasn't accustomed to defeat.

The crowd, watching the score mount, roared with laughter. Benny had used all of his substitutes. He could only look on helplessly, kneading his strong fingers and pounding a fist into the palm of the other hand. Helpless, he sat there and the crowd continued to mock. He felt that they were laughing at him. He, Benny Burns. Oh, how he hated State College at that moment. How he hated football. Never before had he known that it was cruel, grim warfare and not just a game to be played by care-free boys.

When the final whistle blew, the crowd let out a mighty yell of delight. They looked at the score board—98 to 0, the largest score ever made by a State team. It had been a grand Roman holiday and they had enjoyed every minute of it.

The Wayne players trudged wearily off the field. Benny just sat there on the bench. He felt cold, as though part of him were dead. The crowd poured down on the field, laughing, vibrant, happy. Benny arose and headed for the dressing-room. He was jostled by the crowd and he shrank back and turned up the collar of his coat. He didn't want to be recognized.

THE little man smiled—oh, very sadly. "I was standing at the entrance to the dressing-room. I waved at Benny but he didn't recognize me. His eyes were filled with tears—bitter tears."

The old grad was quiet now. "Yes—yes, I imagine Benny must have felt pretty rotten. That was the worst beating a Wayne team ever took. I don't suppose they'll renew Benny's contract."

"No," the little man said. "I don't suppose so. I think Benny's football days are over. As you say, he was a great player. You said that he could take it. . . . I hope so. . . . Yes, I hope he can take it."

He arose. "I—I think I'll run back and see how the boy is. See how he's taking it." He paused and lines of pain appeared on his face. "See if he still hates football and see if he still hates his father for making a player out of him."

He left an uncomfortable silence behind him. The old grad thought aloud: "He certainly knows Benny Burns. There are only two people who know Benny that well—Tim Lowry and the boy's father."

One of the two men who remained and who had said nothing up to now raised his head. "That wasn't Tim Lowry," he said dryly.

The old grad nodded. "Yes," he said. "That's what I think, too."

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Revised Version

Continued from page 14

tights-clad chorus ladies. This dash of beauty, being novel, made a hit. Imitators who couldn't mimic the Weber and Fields brains could buy something approaching the same brand of beauty, so burlesque quickly broadened from its first American phase of *tableaux vivants* of comely ladies between farces to scraps of farces dominated by legs.

Take any old-time burlesque show and you take them all. You had your pick of Billy Watson and his Beef Trust, Rose Siddell and her London Belles, Dave Marion and his Merry Widows, Jack Manchester and his Crackerjacks, and other combinations of impersonal tags—The Baby Broilers, Paris Pets, Berlin Beauties, Roman Ravishers and any other supposedly enticing names that the press agents of the peg-top pants days could invent.

When Dad Was a Boy

The pattern of the old shows was always the same. Opening chorus in which the girls appeared in knee-skirts. Then the comedians—an Irishman with a red nose, a Dutch comic with an enormous stomach and a Semite with an apostolic beard. These gentlemen immediately became embroiled in a love tangle with a lady, usually an hour-glass soubrette referred to as "the lady widow." Each schemed to marry her. Each wore baggy clothes in contrast to the smart attire of the wise-guy or straight man who also paid court to the lady widow. The racial roughnecks punctuated their rival wooings with kicks fore and aft and coarse gibes, and were, in turn, punctuated by the ladies of the chorus who gamboled on in gradually minimized costumes, bawling popular songs totally unrelated to the plot.

There were minor variations from this formula; but that was the pattern your father and mine, and you and I if we're old enough, knew for years until Ziegfeld revolutionized show girls and the movies revolutionized show business. Burlesque fell upon lean years, although it never faded. The Mutual, Columbia and other well-known wheels revolved slowly, almost stopped—until Mr. Minsky of Manhattan discovered that thousands who couldn't afford five dollars for the glorifications of Ziegfeld could and would pay one dollar or a little more or a little less for girl-and-music shows along the same idea even if the music was shabbier and the girls less shapely.

Moralists made burlesque a synonym for exploited naughtiness. They were wrong. When it wasn't coarse, gusty comedy, it was just nasty. The real reason why burlesque declined rapidly was because its shining talents left it, and the passé pulchritude of the better-class music shows thronged it. Artists like Charles Chaplin, Leon Errol, Al Jolson, James Barton, Ed Wynn—all of whom received their apprenticeship in burlesque—went to higher destinies, leaving burlesque to become the slum of show business, with comics who knew no gags but the slapstick, and ancient chorines who should have been retired to the country raising poultry instead of back of footlights raising legs.

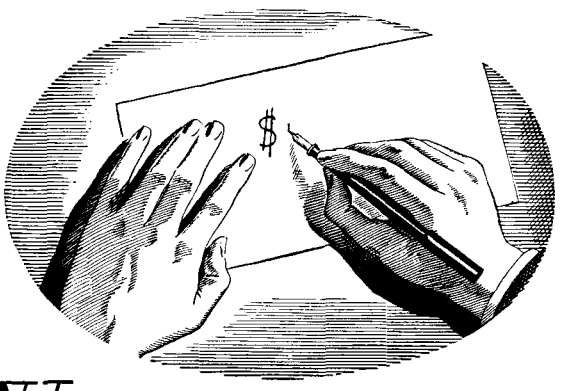
In the heyday of the old burlesque I recall being tipped off to cover a raid on a Chicago Loop theater.

This burlesque had opened on a Sunday. Counter-attractions in baseball and perhaps the presence of a well-known athletic evangelist who could make a recital of a Psalm sound like a college yell, made the box-office receipts meager. The burlesque boys thought up something. Monday matinée they let it go—"it" being a snappy "hooch" number led by an Oriental dancer. The gals left their pink tights in the dressing-room and trotted out in veils and beads and a grim determination to give the surprised customers something to talk about in bar-, pool- and living-rooms. I didn't see the first showing that set the town talking. I was there for the second. So were the cops. The Oriental lady, who hailed from Pittsburgh and might have been called Big Egypt, came on to the then hot jazz tune of Irving Berlin's forgotten In My Harem. The

(Continued on page 46)

"One toy drum and a box of headache powders"

Lawrence La Riar



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LIGGETT and OWL STORES ARE Rexall STORES, TOO

(Continued from page 45)

girls flanked her, and all got into rhythm. Those ladies illuminated the facts of anatomy without clearing up any of its mysteries.

At the station house the Oriental dancer, who had a square chin and a bad temper, made a pass at a desk sergeant who said she was ringleader in an obscene performance.

"I've got a married son in Milwaukee," she declared. "I'll have you know I'm a respectable woman."

The supporting cast, most unvoluptuously clutching coats around them to ward off chill breezes from the lake, made similar protests.

"Well," mused the sergeant, as he entered their names on the blotter—names known to blotters the country over—repetitious records of the indiscretions of the families of Brown and Smith and Jones. "Well," mused the sergeant, "this is the only mothers' meeting I've seen that their sons might blush to attend."

At the following performance the tights were restored and the dance modified to such a subdued form of harem gymnastics as the then Middle-West conscience would tolerate.

Bozo Snyder Speaks!

Sporadic raids of this kind enlivened the career of the older burlesque and multiplied cash customers in the Middle-West and Canada; but the East and the Coast exercised little censorship, the Coast being especially liberal towards "leg shows." Indeed, it was in San Francisco that cabarets, like the famous Tate's, first dispensed with hosiery expense for their female dancers, and when local too-goods called the cops, a sage chief of police admitted that the legs were bare indeed, but no more so than those on display at any bathing beach.

The South never seemed enthusiastic over burlesque, with the exception of New Orleans, where it thrived. Mileage was too big an item for the burlesque wheels to revolve very far below the Mason-Dixon Line. Recent outbursts of indignation in the wake of an ambitious super-burlesque show called Crazy Quilt that made one-night stands through Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama and Georgia, with all the costumes for all the girls (60 Beauties—count 'em left to right) packable in a single tray of a single wardrobe trunk, indicated that the South is sensitive in these matters. You may recall that Atlanta was shocked into exclamations on one notorious occasion when Geraldine Farrar displayed too much of Geraldine Farrar in the opera ZaZa.

On the whole, the rest of the country regarded burlesque as a menace to morals only for those who were easily menaced, who wanted, indeed, to go out of their way and pay admission to the menace. If the shows were invaded by police it was usually during some local campaign when the ministry splintered pulpits in denouncing lax local bosses.

The celebrated Bozo Snyder, last of the flourishing comics before burlesque passed into doldrums to emerge in its newer form without much novelty in formula, summarized the ethics and economics of old burlesque quite feelingly when the capitol of the craft, the old Columbia Theater on Broadway, was converted—if that's the word—into a movie palace.

"Burlesque," said the button-nosed Bozo in a burst of eloquence which compensated for his strictly pantomimic style on the stage, "is good, clean fun. I've been in circuses and high-class shows. But I never had to work harder to get a laugh anywhere than in burlesque, and I was never under orders to do rough stuff—which is more than I can say for some of these high-class shows."

Those in, of and about burlesque are its stanch defenders. No surprise in that. The only man who ever quarreled successfully with his meal ticket is Mahatma Gandhi, whose costume if not his culture has some æsthetic relation to burlesque. It was Joseph V. McKee, the acting and counter-acting mayor of New York, who made the first offensive moves against the new burlesque when he declared it would have to be either decent or dead. Not a popular move—and not widely imitated by magistrates in other centers of the art. When the lid was laid—temporarily—on Manhattan's burlesque, it was observed that the newer high-priced musical shows became instantly broader in their gags, fulfilling the lively logic of human perversity: Burlesque is dead, long live burlesque!

Evidence of the popularity of the art is attested by elder showmen who tell me that burlesque comics rating their names on the twenty-four sheets commanded as much as $30,000 for yearly contracts. A good specialty dancer (Oriental, always, no matter what her genealogy) could get $200 a week, and while no multimillionaires were among burlesque producers, tidy fortunes were rolled up by Hurtig and Seamon and similar wheel producers.

The thing failed because real talent became rare in its ranks, and public taste turned from avoirdupois in show girls. The Ziegfelds and George Whites and Earl Carrolls brought this about. Just as women's fashions became form-fitting, so women on show were required to have forms that fitted.

Something else happened. What showmen call the five-fifty top shows (and try to get tickets for as little as $5.50 if the show's a hit) waxed bolder than burlesque. Mr. Ziegfeld, after several daring starts, toned down because Mr. Ziegfeld had genuinely artistic antecedents and, while he had descended to Barnumisms and worse to launch his Follies and other attractions, he developed into an extravagant apostle of beauty in his mature years with an insistence that beauty has no valid relation to mere bareness.

George White, the Scandals impresario, swiped the racy French trick of painting girls' legs on the stage and Earl Carroll went to it with the ardor of a convert, finding himself first in police courts and eventually in Atlanta penitentiary, his jail sentence being the direct result of an attempt to shock the blasé intelligentsia of Broadway—with what? A nude girl in a bathtub of wine.

Minsky Makes Broadway

But the wheel turned, and the burlesque wheel with it. A jeopardized art had its revenge. A few years found the costly carnalities slipping from vogue; burlesque returning. Economics had something to do with this: lesser promoters could give the public almost as lewd if not almost as lavish shows for a quarter the price charged by the higher-bracket Barnums.

The cradle of the new burlesque was a dingy theater in Manhattan's Midghetto where a Mr. Billy Minsky found himself with a house on his hands and nothing to fill it. He tried vaudeville, without satisfactory profits. He tried pictures. Both these were being done much better and almost as cheaply elsewhere. So he fell back on burlesque. His shows were rough and riotous; but they packed 'em in. He installed the old runway gag — platforms raised above the floor aisles bordered by lights on which the chorines pranced. His house was a smoke-hot bedlam of two shows a day, later three a day—and then, when customers flocked in for four

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shows a day, Mr. Minsky took thought. Promoters invariably do when surprised by easy money.

Many famous Broadway houses were dark, their leases available at moderate figures. Billy Minsky went after these. One after another he took them over—an enterprising theatrical gambler. He hired show girls in hordes and comedians in squads. He roamed the legitimate theaters for talent and gags.

Lee Shubert once observed him standing in the rear of a Shubert revue.

"Look out, Minsky," Shubert warned, spotting the dapper figure of the ghetto impresario behind a pillar, intently studying a racy blackout of surprised lovers, "there'll be trouble if I see this act swiped in your burlesque house next week."

"You'll be too late, Lee," countered Minsky. "We hooked that gag last week."

Tantalizing Titles

Relentlessly, Minsky, taking his brothers into partnership, also took what he could find in gags from better shows. The police descended on him at the instance of one John S. Sumner, head of New York's equivalent of Boston's Watch and Ward Society. The police charged Minsky's burlesque with an improper gag relating to a gentleman undergoing medical examination. It looked tough for Mr. Minsky until he produced the defense that he had purloined exactly the same gag from a show undisturbed by the police—a show in which no less a star than Eddie Cantor performed the bit.

Minsky succeeded. He invaded the crossroads of the world—Times Square—and actually checked the home towns of his customers to be able to proclaim that within a month citizens from every state in the Union had passed through his box office. Burlesque's revival was on. Throughout the country Minsky's imitators captured theaters and produced burlesque stock—in many cases using talking pictures between acts of gangsters and girls.

In lights, with a special title committee's aid, Minsky put such tantalizing names as Hazel Nut from Brazil, Betty Blushes from Peking, Lita Butt from Havana, Etta Herring from Bismarck, Mlle. Sprouts from Brussels.

In his shows—and in those that copy him in more than a dozen different states—you find no bewhiskered scenery, but fresh hangings and kaleidoscopic tableaux. You'd be surprised how inexpensive these things are since the theater lost customers, if not caste.

I talked with another lady—a lady who had graduated from Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. White and Mr. Carroll, to burlesque. She plays New York and the provincial wheel the year 'round.

"I'd much sooner be in burlesque," said she, "than in the so-called girl-and-music shows. In burlesque your audience looks at you, yells at you"—she was rehearsing before a mirror at the time, and the yells were understandable—"but they don't wait at stage doors or try to use influence to meet you.

"It's harder work. See me, with one show over and another two hours away, and I'm rehearsing here and the girls are on the stage learning new dance routines." They were—thirty of them, regimented by a lank gentleman who drilled them through quite respectable steps which he was quite unable to execute himself. "Those girls all talk nice and act nice. In the Follies and the Scandals and the Vanities it was different. Here it's business—both ways. When you're through with your stunt, you go home—and you get your $150 a week if you're a principal and your fifty if you're a show girl, regularly, without fail. And"—there was nascent fire in her eyes—"you don't have to stand for no bullying.

"When I was in a big Broadway show, it was terrible the way we were driven. I've known fifty girls to start rehearsing at ten in the morning and not get through till five the next morning. And the language some of these dance-routine bosses used to hand us on the big-time!

Take Your Choice, Gents

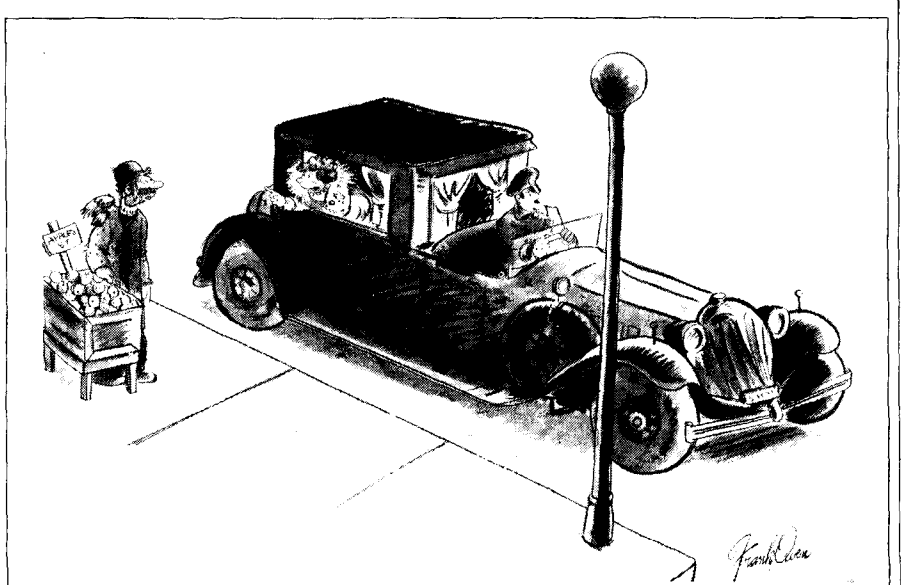
"That's one reason I prefer burlesque to the big-time shows. You've got to work harder here. You should see the way Minsky tosses out comics when they don't click! And they're just as tough on the road. But when you make good it's a steady job. Hard work, but a steady job. And most of the girls like it. They're not bothered with stage-door Johns or the managers' pals. Burlesque is rated a cut below girl-and-music shows for play-boys, and that gives us a break. We don't have to buy our own costumes, and when there's a good week's run the management blows us to beauty parlor service. I'm going to have a free henna tomorrow.

"Why," she added, "there's one girl got married last week to this big furniture man's son. He's giving us a party on his houseboat this week-end."

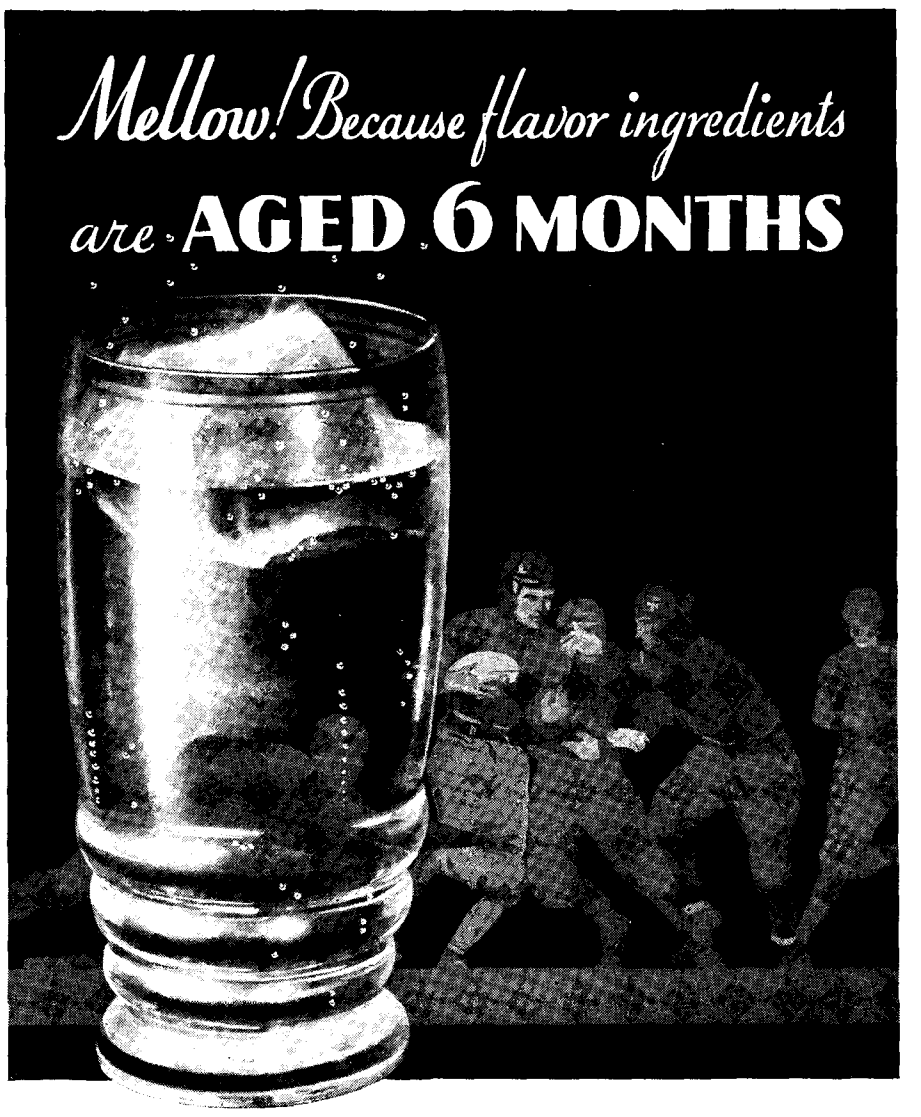
She smiled with the eager awareness of youth—and she was quite young.

"Keep your high-hat shows," she concluded. "Give me burlesque."

So, if it's your wish in the matter, ladies and gentlemen, give her burlesque. I, who have seen it at its worst and best, don't want it.



"Remember, Wilbur! Get behind in the alimony one more week and in the jug you go!" *Frank Owen*



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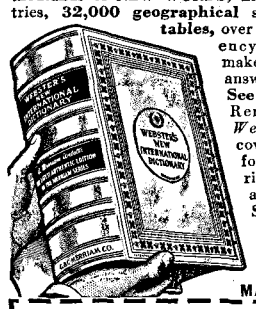

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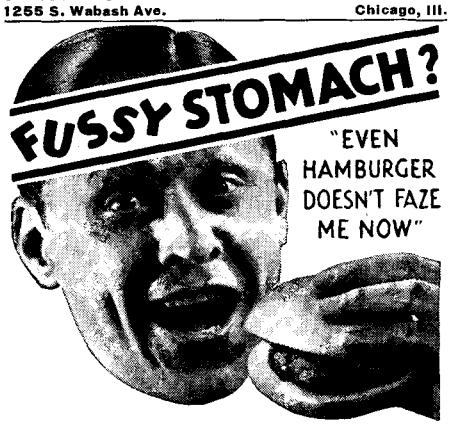

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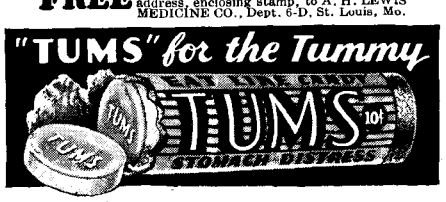


The High Bridge

Continued from page 20

stolen when her husband was killed," I remarked, "but I shall be much surprised if these are not the ones."

"These are the ones, all right."

"Then Mrs. Renand lied and the case is solved. She killed her husband. She hid the jewels, pretending that a burglar had taken them, and the police failed to find them. Since then, she could not bring herself to destroy them and there was no other way she could dispose of them for fear of their being traced to her."

"I guess you got the answer," O'Malley assented.

"So they weren't so crazy when they sent you out here!" I observed sarcastically.

"No; they was wise guys."

THE next morning I read in my newspaper that the Renand case finally had been solved, and I saw with pleasure that O'Malley's name was mentioned.

I didn't see O'Malley for a couple of days.

"What are you working on now?" I asked him when I met him.

"Same case."

I was astonished.

"I got interested," he explained, "in them guys that wrote her all those letters. I guess I'm a dumb cop to be going around asking questions after the case is solved. I seen most of the guys that wrote her, and I talked with all the people that was at the party that night when she started home alone."

"Learn anything?" I asked.

"Not a thing. I ain't seen that Evverson yet, who signed his letters 'E'."

"Was Evverson at the party?"

"No."

We went out to Evverson's. He was a handsome man of forty with a tired face and weary eyes, and he received us politely but indifferently.

"I got some letters here I want to read you, Mr. Evverson," O'Malley told him.

He took from his pocket a packet of letters which I recognized as those which had been in Mrs. Renand's desk, and read one and then another of them aloud. They seemed to me the sort of letters any man might write to a woman for whom he has an ardent admiration.

"You write those?"

Evverson took the letters and examined them. "Yes; those are my letters."

"You wasn't home the night Mrs. Renand got killed, was you?"

"No. I was in New York and spent the night at a hotel. You'll find my name on the hotel register."

"Yeah, I found it. Did you see Mrs. Renand that night?"

Evverson did not answer.

"You was at the hotel, all right," said O'Malley, "but I got evidence of a doorman, an elevator operator and a newsdealer that you left the hotel about half past one A. M. and didn't come back until about two hours later. That was the time when Mrs. Renand had her accident. Now I got something else I want to read to you."

O'Malley drew from among the letters a gray monogrammed envelope, opened it, and took out a sheet of note paper. I recognized envelope and paper as being like some I had seen in Mrs. Renand's desk marked with her initials.

"'If I should meet sudden death,'" he read, "'you may be certain that the one to be accused is Albert Evverson. I will not explain why he should desire my death, but my protection is to have this in writing. I shall tell him I have written it!'"

I have never seen a man look more utterly weary than Evverson. He seemed to consider something and come to a decision.

"She never told me she had written that," he said. "It was—rather like her. It is true, of course. I killed her."

He looked like a man putting down a burden which he had carried until it had become intolerable.

"You kill Renand, too?"

"Yes—by accident. Mrs. Renand and I had been—rather more than friends, and on the night of his death at the party which we all attended, Renand became suspicious of us. He demanded that I come to his apartment after the party. He was a jealous, violent man and before going to his apartment I obtained a revolver, but I had no idea of attacking him—it was purely for self-defense. I dreaded scandal and on reaching the apartment I avoided the elevator and walked up. Renand accused us and we admitted it. I was anxious to marry Mrs. Renand if she would leave him, but he grew wild with rage when I suggested that. He threatened me and I drew the revolver to protect myself, and in the struggle for it he was shot. Mrs. Renand fully realized that it had been an accident but we knew that no one else would believe that. No one knew that I had come there. She told me to go away before she gave the alarm and she would try to make it look as though it had been done by a burglar.

"We continued to see each other after that, but we did not dare to marry for fear it would bring up again the question of how Renand had died. Then some months ago Mrs. Renand met young Innes and became infatuated with him. I was losing her. Nothing in the world mattered to me except her, and I could not endure the thought of her belonging to someone else. I begged her for one more interview and, on the night of her death, she agreed that, after leaving the party, she would pick me up and drive me out here."

O'MALLEY went to the telephone to call headquarters. As he did so, I took from his hand the paper containing Mrs. Renand's statement, opened it and looked at it. As I expected, there was no writing whatever on the sheet of notepaper.

"I see through most of this, O'Malley," I said, an hour later, "but not all of it. It's plain, of course, that you found reason to suspect Evverson and used the old trick on him of reading an accusation against him which you pretended Mrs. Renand had left. I am surprised, however, that he fell for it."

"I ain't sure he did fall for it, but it wasn't necessary. He seen that we suspected him and would get him sooner or later, and besides, the guy loved this Mrs. Renand and he'd killed her and he doesn't care what happens to him."

"Was it his letters that made you suspect him?"

"There wasn't nothing in the letters. But the guy lived close to Mrs. Renand and still he was always writing to her, and when she got engaged to this Innes his letters stopped. I asked about where he had been that night, and he couldn't be accounted for at the time she got killed."

"BUT how did he do it?"

"I figure he done it this way: He'd noticed where the bridge rail was being fixed and that gave him the idea. He knew she was going to the party that night and he got her to pick him up afterward because that late there wouldn't be much traffic on the bridge. She didn't have no idea he meant to harm her. He begged her to break her engagement to this Innes and she wouldn't. When they got near the bridge he made an excuse to get her to stop the car, and knocked her unconscious and run the car off the bridge so it would look like an accident."

"Yes; and he almost got away with it. By everybody except you it was accepted as an accident. That's the part of it that I don't understand."

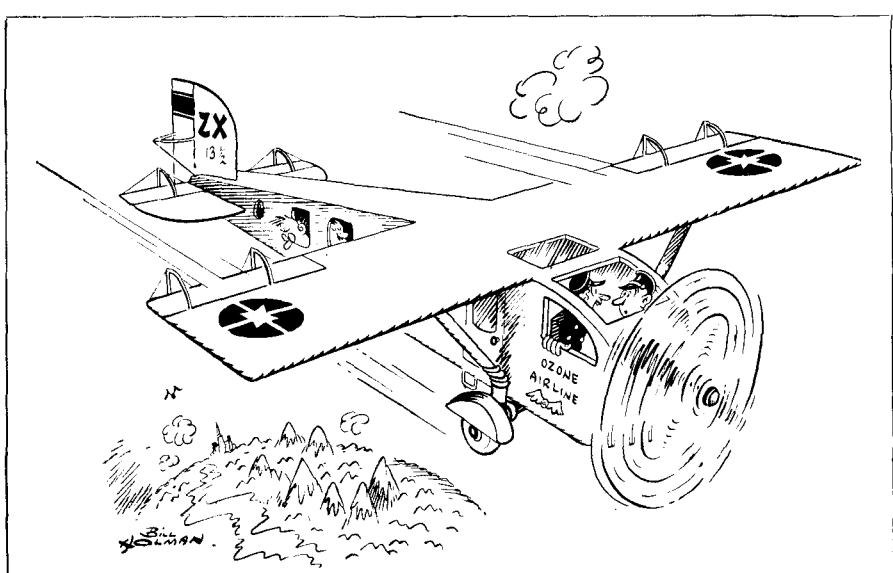
"You seen Mrs. Renand's car."

"I did," I said indignantly, "and there was nothing about that piece of wreckage which could tell you anything."

"You're always making me think you ain't very bright. The car was in low gear. You tried the gears yourself and they couldn't have been jarred from high speed into low. Would any lady run her car off of a bridge in low by accident? It had to be murder or suicide, and this wasn't no lady that would kill herself. I figured somebody had started the car and then stepped out of it and watched it go off the bridge."

"That was police work, O'Malley!" I said approvingly, "and you'll get credit for it because the newspapers have already mentioned you in the case."

"Sure they mentioned me," he said, "when we had it solved wrong, but you'll see they won't say nothing about me now that we got it solved right."



"Beg pardon, sir, three ski jumpers tangled in the undercarriage, sir!" *Bill Holman*

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The Great Abduction

Continued from page 21

surface; his hands slid along it and he crashed to the floor.

"Right where you ought to be, Meridew," said the gangster leader. "Just start your 'Now-I-lay-me' and then the curtains. Not laughing any more, are you? Well, happy landing—in hell!"

He raised the weapon slightly and Meridew, his eyes keener than ever in his life, saw the muscles of his index finger tighten. And as he forced himself to keep his eyes open—he wouldn't give his murderer the satisfaction of thinking that he had put fear in his heart—the telephone rang in the living-room.

THE tight skin of the gangster's hand wrinkled slightly as he relaxed his grip. He nodded to the man who had held Meridew.

"Get in there—answer it—maybe Brockridge is coming back."

"Why would he do that?" demanded the other. "Get it over with and let's blow."

"Will you do what I say?" demanded Gerryman. Then he changed his mind instantly. "Wait a second." He spoke to Meridew: "You answer that phone. If it's Brockridge—you get him up here, do you hear? I don't mean maybe. Get him here."

"You're nuts," said the man O'Keefe. "Why in hell would Brockridge come back here?"

"He could be bringing the girl back here, couldn't he? He could be calling to say that he'd taken her home, couldn't he?"

"It could be the King of England, too, saying the weather was rainy in London," sneered O'Keefe, "but there's no reason to think he's on the wire, is there?"

"And that's why you're plain torpedoes, plain punks," said Gerryman's impersonator. "Because you got no brains, because you won't ever do any figuring, any thinking. I didn't say it was Brockridge. It's a million to one it isn't. But if it *should* be, you dimwits!" He motioned to Meridew. "Come on, you—move."

In the door that led from the living-room to the pantry appeared the figure of Durfee, responding to a telephone ring which he assumed his master had not heard.

Had Durfee been a quicker-witted man the occurrences of the next few minutes might have been different. Had Durfee leaped to the instrument and screamed for help, the invaders might have been alarmed into instant flight, might even have become too instantly panicky to take that aim of their weapons which would have been fatal to Meridew. And time, which later proved to be important, might not have been granted them.

But Durfee was a competent butler-valet. His mental processes were none too quick. So, open-jawed, he stared at the scene in the foyer. And through those parted jaws came a cry of amazement.

The man called Saunders was halfway through the living-room in a bound. His pistol menaced Durfee.

"One yip out of you," he threatened, "and—"

"See if there are other servants," ordered Gerryman. His eyes never wavered from Meridew. "Round 'em up. Help him," he ordered the other man.

As the telephone jangled impatiently, the man O'Keefe rushed through the living-room. With a sweep of his arm he threw the startled Durfee out of his path. Not fear, but sheer bewildered surprise made Durfee offer no resistance. And almost before Durfee had straightened himself up from the push given him, the man O'Keefe was back in the living-room, dragging by her robust arm the amazed and frightened Minnie.

"That's all, boss," said O'Keefe.

Gerryman spoke to Meridew.

"You answer that phone now," he said softly. "Answer it, or you get yours now."

Meridew hesitated only slightly. If, by any remote chance, the caller happened to be Brockridge, he could be warned, and would be warned, though Meridew died in the warning. If it weren't the President—and Meridew agreed with the gangster that it was a million to one it wasn't—no harm could be done by compliance. And every moment that delayed Gerryman in acting was so much more time for Meridew to try to figure some plan of defense against a threat that seemed overwhelming.

"I'll answer it," he said.

"And you'll say what I told you. If it's Brockridge, you get him up here. You tell him that you've just heard some news—you figure it! And you figure it right, or—"

But now Meridew was at the telephone. He picked up the instrument.

"Hello. This is Kendrick Meridew," he said.

"And this is your not-too-welcome guest of a while ago," said the voice of Brockridge. "The evening is not too advanced. The young lady expressed a willingness to finish it with you. Shall I bring her?"

MERIDEW looked at the man beside him. The automatic pistol was within a few inches of Meridew's body. He felt as one looking on at some incredible scene. But the scene was not incredible; it was real, and he, Kendrick Meridew, was a part of it!

Nevertheless, although he was of the scene, something within him seemed to be off at one side, looking on, observing, waiting critically. And that something of him, standing at one side, saw that Gerryman held the pistol in his right hand, and that Meridew held the telephone instrument in *his* left hand. A downward sweep of the instrument and—granted luck—the pistol would be knocked aside before it exploded. It might even be picked up by Meridew. At least, Meridew could throw himself upon Gerryman, use him as a shield against the others' bullets. . . . Hopeless, perhaps, but a chance, and Meridew was not going to die without first having grasped at any chance that presented itself.

"Keep away," he screamed. "Gangsters here—"

He brought the instrument down in a short arc; he felt it crash against Gerryman's wrist, heard the sound of a shot, realized that it had not hit him, and swung his right hand savagely against the gangster's face. Gerryman, falling, groped for the pistol, knocked six feet away upon the floor. And Meridew stamped upon the man's hand and dived for the gun. Then something struck him from behind and he sprawled, arms and legs spread wide apart, upon the living-room rug.

He was unconscious, he later gathered, about as long as the average prize fighter when he is put to sleep by a decisive punch. For when he came to, the twisted telephone cord was still mov-

(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

ing slightly, like something snakily alive, as tension caused the wires to struggle toward their normal position.

Durfee was standing, his knees shaking, by the wall, and Minnie was indulging in a series of feminine screams.

Uncertainly, Meridew gained his feet. He steadied himself against a table.

"Stop that, Minnie," he said. His voice, he realized, quavered a trifle. Yet it was peremptory enough to stop Minnie's incipient hysterics.

Durfee staggered toward him.

"I—I thought you were killed. He"—it was several hours before Meridew asked which "he" it was—"jumped for you and struck you with his gun. Then—they ran to the door—"

Coherence came back to Meridew swiftly.

"Did they take the elevator?" he asked.

"The stairs," replied Durfee.

MERIDEW picked up the phone. But the buzz was that of a disconnected instrument. He hung it up, then tried to get the operator downstairs. Someone rang the doorbell and pounded violently on the panels. Meridew held up a hand and restrained Durfee, who had started for the door.

"Robbers," he said. "Not—not a word about the President! You understand that? Listen to me—then repeat what I said. That's all! Be sure of that."

Then he permitted Durfee to open the door. Through it, in high excitement, burst a uniformed policeman, the telephone operator from downstairs, the elevator man and the superintendent. The officer stared at the trio in the living-room.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Robbers, burglars," said Meridew. "Someone called me on the telephone and I screamed for help—and they fired."

The operator nodded eager assent.

"I put the call through," he said.

"Did you listen in?" asked the policeman.

"There was trouble getting Mr. Meridew to answer the call," said the operator. "So I listened to see if he got it, and I heard him say 'Hello'— But I didn't listen to anything else. I mean I didn't hear what his friend said. I mean I just sorta listened to hear if he answered, like a man does that wants to know if the phone is answered, and—"

"Chop it short," growled the policeman. "I should think hearing other people gab all day would knock the chatter out of you birds, but I guess it just gives you the habit. What happened? Your name's Meridew, ain't it?" He spoke to the owner of the name.

Inwardly Meridew blessed the loquacious telephone operator. He had been given needed time in which to plan his story. And one thing was certain: Brockridge's name would not be mentioned. It was the kind of thing that, once told to the police, could not be kept from the newspapers. The story was too tremendous, too sensational. The President of the United States visited by gangsters who, not finding him where they hoped, had attempted to murder his recent host. It meant— Heaven knew what it meant. But, at least, it meant that the high tide of gangsterism in the United States had finally been reached. If the person of the Chief Executive was not sacred, then what was?

Meridew glanced warningly at his two servants. Then he replied to the officer:

"A man phoned me from downstairs. He gave no name but said it was most important. I'm a newspaper man, Officer, and sometimes, as you can imagine, people want to see me privately. News stories—something like that. So I foolishly told him to come upstairs. The minute he—and two other men—entered my foyer, they stuck a gun in my face, and demanded all my money. Naturally, I wasn't going to resist them, and told them to take it easy while I got out my money. The telephone rang. For some reason they insisted that I answer. I suppose they thought the operator knew I and my servants were at home, and would investigate if we didn't answer. So I answered."

"Who was it?" asked the officer.

Meridew covertly eyed the operator. If that youth *had* listened in, he would know that Meridew lied in his next words. Nevertheless, Meridew went on:

"I don't know; I heard someone's voice and—well, I guess I lost my head. I yelled 'gangsters'—and that's all I remember. I swung the telephone at the gun-hand of one man, and hit him with my other, and jumped for his fallen gun, and then—the lights went out."

"That's right," Durfee chimed in. "Two of the men got my wife and myself out of the kitchen, and it's just like Mr. Meridew said. Only—one of them, while Mr. Meridew was on the floor, jumped for him and hit him on the head with his gun—"

"There was a shot, wasn't there?" interrupted the officer.

"The gun went off when I hit the man's hand," said Meridew.

"And mighta blown your head off," commented the policeman. "Then what?" he asked Durfee.

"They went through the front door and down the stairs," replied Durfee. "I—I suppose I should have tried to stop them, but—I was pretty scared."

"Stop them? What with? You're lucky to be alive, all three of you," said the policeman. "I'll ring the station house and tell the sarge all about it."

IT TOOK ten minutes for the sergeant and three plain-clothes men to reach the penthouse, and during that wait Meridew became more convinced that reticence about Brockridge was advisable. As he had told himself several times in the past couple of days, Brockridge was a single man and had a right to go anywhere with any woman he chose. But if it came out in the papers that he'd taken Myrna Dale from this apartment rather late in the evening, and that gangsters had then come here.... Many things, susceptible of simple explanation, nevertheless give rise to surmise and gossip. And he came back, always, to Brockridge's injunction not to mention his presence here.

Over and over again he trembled as he wondered what might have happened had Brockridge been here. Three Presidents had been murdered in office; would Brockridge have been the fourth?

Once, just before the sergeant arrived, he weakened. After all, events that were tantamount—at least—to a threat against the President's person had occurred. Wasn't it his duty, as a citizen, to inform the proper authorities of this threat?

But as against his duty was Brockridge's request that his visit be not mentioned. And, also, there was a question as to who constituted the proper authorities. Not the police. The secret service, possibly, but not even that, he finally decided, until he had made an effort to communicate with the President.

And where was that person? He couldn't have telephoned from the lobby downstairs, or the operator would have commented on the fact that the telephone call had come from there. But where was he? He had heard—*must* have heard—Meridew's warning. It was reasonable to assume, also, that he had not hung up instantly; therefore he must have heard the shot that followed Meridew's cry of warning.

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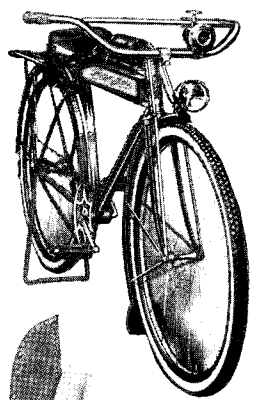

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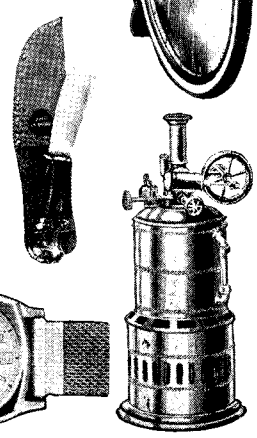

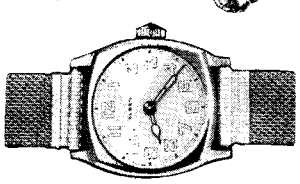

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Yet there had come from Brockridge no word. Of course, there had been no operator downstairs to receive incoming calls, but still—one would have thought that, at least, Brockridge would have called the police department. He wouldn't have had to give his own name. . . . The arrival of the sergeant stopped this speculation.

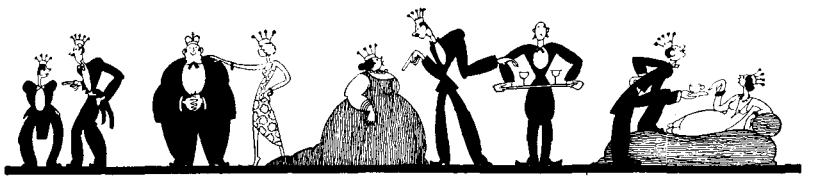
Dully the officer went through the routine of investigation. Had Meridew ever seen the men before? No? Could he describe them? Meridew could and did.

The sergeant shrugged as Meridew—and the Durfees also—told what the men wore and what they looked like.

"I could go right out this minute and pick up fifty men that answer the descriptions," he said. "Swarthy, medium-sized, black-haired, black-eyed men. There's a grease-ball on every corner that fits that. Big teeth, you say the dark one had. Well, that might help a little. And one of them kinda yellowish, eh? Well, there's sickly-looking rats scattered all over this town. And the other was light-haired and light-eyed? Lord, I won't get far on that description."

"Sorry," said Meridew. "I'd know

(Continued on page 52)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Europe today is overrun with a vast army of bogus nobility, hundreds of thousands of nobodies who have assumed various titles such as baron, earl, count and marquis. Including women, France alone has more than 250,000 of these social impostors.

Photography by ultra-violet rays is one of the marvels of modern science. On special plates, this invisible light records invisible things such as chemically obliterated writing.

King Mithridates the Great, who was famous for speaking the languages of the 22 countries which he conquered during the first century B. C., so feared being poisoned by one of his numerous enemies that he kept himself constantly dosed with 38 poisons in order to acquire complete immunity.

A Veddah of Ceylon ascertains the identity of the spirit bringing him bad luck by balancing a bow and shouting the names of suspected spirits at it. When that of the guilty one is called, the bow swings violently.

In constructing a building, the Hindus never use the arch because, instead of having only downward pressure like the rectangular form, it has both a downward *and* outward pressure which, they say, is self-destructive and they therefore believe that "the arch never sleeps."

Criminals are no longer safe in retaining clothing that has been stained with blood. When chemically treated and examined under "black light," the spots are disclosed no matter how many times the garment has been washed.

There are about 150 radio stations, operated secretly by liquor and narcotic syndicates, in and around New York City, communicating daily with their ships outside of the Coast Guard Patrol.

The Monkey Deporter is one of India's worst pests. Under cover of darkness he stops near a large farm and lets loose a number of monkeys. After they have raised havoc for several days, he comes back and gets a contract to deport them in nets, as they are protected from harm by law. A few nights later he starts "working" another farm.

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Of the $400,000,000 worth of gold produced each year, only about 60 per cent is added to the world's monetary supply. Industry and the arts absorb 25 per cent and the remaining 15 per cent goes into the treasure hoards of India.—*By Paul H. Hayward, Washington, D. C.*

The lemming, a prolific rodent inhabiting the mountains of Norway, is one of the few animals in the world that ends its life by suicide. At irregular intervals millions of these ratlike creatures migrate in a body to the sea into which they plunge and are drowned.

The world's most difficult construction job was the Central Railway of Peru, built in the Andes—1871 to 1891. Reaching from sea level to 15,665 feet, the first 138 miles required 132 tunnels and bridges and caused the death, in seven years, of seven out of every eight workers.—*By Betty Steele, Montclair, N. J.*

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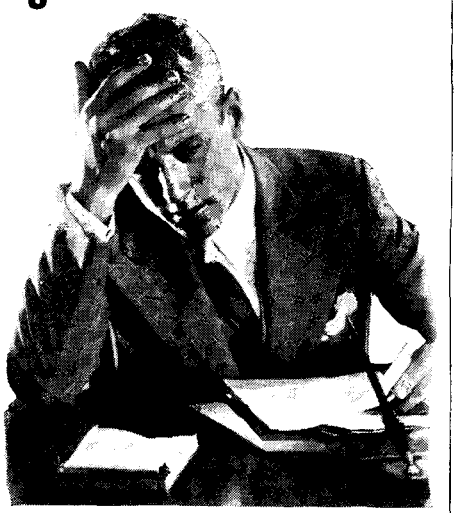

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(Continued from page 51)

them if I saw them again, of course."

The sergeant nodded.

"When a lad holds a gun on you, you're more apt to remember the gun than him, I guess. Well, I don't see what more we can do. Nothing here, anyway." He turned to one of the plain-clothes men. "Look like the work of anyone especial, Casey?"

Casey shook his head.

"The boys all work alike nowadays," he said. "It's wham in, out with the gat, and let 'em have it. We can round up a bunch of them, Sarge, and have Mr. Meridew look them over."

"Oh, sure," agreed the sergeant. "And Mr. Meridew can go down to Headquarters and look over the Gallery. But right now—I guess we might as well scram. Unless you'd like one of the boys to spend the night, Mr. Meridew, just in case."

Meridew smilingly refused.

"I hardly think they'll come back," he said. "And if they do—I'll have a gun ready for all callers from now on."

"And not a bad idea these days," said the sergeant. "Well, you'll be hearing from me, Mr. Meridew. Lucky thing you didn't get your skull caved in."

Meridew ruefully felt the bump on his head.

"I hope his jaw hurts as much as this," he said.

"It probably doesn't," grinned the sergeant. "Steel hurts more than bone. But I hope you marked him. Make a note of that, Casey. Which one was it, Mr. Meridew?"

"The black-haired, swarthy one," replied Meridew.

"Okay," said the sergeant. "Well, I'll be seeing you."

MERIDEW, the moment the elevator door clanged on them, reached for the telephone. Then his hand dropped away from it. The curiosity of the telephone operator would be at its highest pitch now. He would probably listen in on every call from now on.

But all through the background of his thoughts had been Myrna Dale. She had been, so Brockridge had said over the telephone, willing to finish the evening with Meridew. So, of course, she had been with Brockridge. And he must have told her of Meridew's warning. Why hadn't she tried to get in touch with Meridew? Didn't either of them have normal curiosity? And as he asked himself this, sudden fear leaped into his mind.

If the pseudo Gerryman had known that the President had been here, why hadn't others known that the President had left? It was conceivable that in such a monstrous adventure as an attempt against Brockridge more than three men had been engaged. And if three of them had known one place where Brockridge might have been found, another three—or twenty—might have known of another place. Had anything happened to prevent Brockridge—or the girl—from making an inquiry?

Well, let the operator listen in! He couldn't sit here waiting for something to happen. He got Myrna Dale's number. A maid—he guessed—answered.

"This is Mr. Meridew speaking," he said, trying to keep his voice steady. "May I speak to Miss Dale?"

"She's not at home," said the maid.

"Are you certain? This is terribly important," insisted Meridew.

"But she was going to your apartment, sir," said the maid. "She left your telephone number and address in case anyone called for her."

"I see," said Meridew. Then, because there was faint alarm in the maid's voice, he went on reassuringly: "She'll probably be in any minute. Please ask her to phone me at once."

He hung up and stared blankly at the telephone. Durfee, who had been lingering timidly near since the police left, approached him now.

"Aren't you going to let anyone know the President was here, sir? Those gangsters came for him, didn't they?"

Meridew stared at the man.

"I am, Durfee. But—not the police. Mr. Brockridge didn't want it known he was here. I—don't quite know what to do—"

He reached for the telephone and asked for Ned Dabney's number. The problem was a trifle too large for him to solve unaided. And if even Durfee, that not too quick-minded soul, thought that something ought to be done, then inaction was inadvisable.

"This is Ken," he said in a moment. "How soon can you get over here?"

"How soon can I—are you nuts, Ken? It's eleven-thirty, and Frances permits me to visit no bachelor apartments at that hour."

"You tell Frances this is vital, Ned," said Meridew. "Get over here as soon as you can. For God's sake don't argue—come!"

Dabney hesitated a moment. Then his reply was crisp:

"Right over, Ken."

He was in Meridew's apartment within ten minutes, and in ten more Meridew had told him the evening's events. Dabney, save for an occasional exclamation, heard him in silence. But when he had finished, he asked a pertinent question:

"Brockridge took Myrna Dale out, eh? That's a hot one, Ken. Romance?"

Meridew shook his head.

"I—don't think so."

Dabney eyed him.

"You don't want to think so. That it? But she's gorgeous, and he—well, he's President of these United States. And if it isn't romance—what is it?"

For a moment Meridew trembled on the brink of telling his employer about the after-midnight rendezvous at the Wetherings'. But Jim Cattrone leaped into his mind, also. It—it wasn't fair to the girl to tell of Jim Cattrone. Nor was it—nice—to tell that he had spied, though inadvertently, upon Brockridge and the girl late at night.

But, though he sealed his lips, his mind suddenly seethed with suspicion. Until this minute it had not occurred to him that there might be some connection between Myrna's visit to Jim Cattrone and the visitation of tonight. There couldn't be. Myrna Dale was not the sort to lend herself to anything wrong. She wasn't!

"I can't imagine," he replied to Dabney. "Let it go at romance, if you want. The point is—what are we going to do about it? It's an hour—more—since Brockridge heard me scream. He hasn't phoned. Myrna isn't home. At least, she wasn't a little while ago. And I left emphatic word for her to ring me when she came in."

"Emphatic, eh? Girls have been known to ignore such messages. Let me try."

BUT the maid convinced Dabney that Miss Dale had not yet returned home. The publisher stared at Meridew.

"I'm stumped," he admitted. "We don't want anything to leak out, but—"

"Where does the President stop when he's in New York?" asked Meridew.

"He's not in New York—not supposed to be. Isn't he visiting the Cooleys? And wasn't he with the Wetherings last night? Suppose I phone both of them—"

"He'd hardly be out there by now, supposing that he went straight out to Long Island after he phoned me," objected Meridew. "But—he's been running into town a lot while he's been visiting on Long Island. He must have some headquarters in town."

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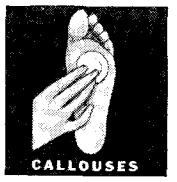

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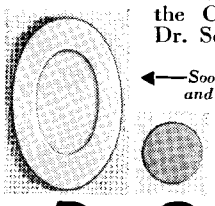

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Dabney called his newspaper. He asked for the night city editor, asked a question and hung up.

"Hotel Albemarle," he said to Meridew. "What about it?"

Meridew picked up the telephone and asked for the Albemarle's number.

"President Brockridge's apartment." he said in a moment. "This is Kendrick Meridew speaking."

"Sorry, sir, we aren't allowed to ring the President's apartment," said the Albemarle operator.

"Then give me his secretary—give me—give me Mr. Gerryman," said Meridew in desperation.

"What's the name, please?" asked the operator.

"Meridew," said the owner of the name again. "And tell him that Mr. Dabney, owner of the Leader, also wants to speak to him."

"Just a moment," replied the operator.

"WHO wants to speak to Mr. Gerryman?" a voice asked.

"Kendrick Meridew and Edward Dabney of the Leader," said Meridew. "It—it's a matter of grave importance. Is this Mr. Gerryman?"

"Yes," said the voice. "And what is this matter of grave importance, Mr. Meridew?"

"Something that can't be discussed over the phone," said Meridew. "It's—it's about—well, you can guess about whom."

"I can," said Gerryman. "But can't you give me a hint, Mr. Meridew?"

"Do you know where he is?" asked Meridew.

Into Gerryman's voice came sudden savagery:

"Listen to me, Meridew! If you or your publisher dare print one single word—"

"Don't be a jackass," cried Meridew. "We aren't thinking of printing anything. Quite the contrary, Mr. Gerryman! But if you don't know where he—you're thinking of the same 'he' I am, aren't you? Well, if you know where he is, for God's sake surround him with bodyguards. And if you don't know where he is, come over here, or we'll go over where you are—"

"Where are you?" Gerryman cut in.

"In my apartment." Meridew gave him the address. "How soon will you be here?"

"About the time," Gerryman grimly replied, "you hang up the receiver, Mr. Meridew."

He very nearly kept his word. The Albemarle, that staid old hostelry on Fifth Avenue, was less than half a mile away, and Gerryman's chauffeur was little concerned with the traffic laws. Before Dabney had finished the highball which he declared he needed to control his excitement, the operator downstairs phoned that Mr. Gerryman and three other gentlemen were calling.

"Send them up," said Meridew.

And then, because another Gerryman's visit had been the prelude to excitement, he slipped into his bedroom and acquired his revolver. Of course, *this* Gerryman was genuine, but until his nerves had quieted, Meridew would take even ridiculous precautions.

And this Gerryman was genuine. Dabney recognized the man instantly as one whom he had seen riding and walking with Brockridge. For that matter, the man's bona fides were evident in his frank, though stern, blue eyes, in the general rugged honesty that he evidenced in his voice and manner and appearance.

"Mr. Meridew? Mr. Dabney? This is Gerryman. These other gentlemen are Wilson, Carey and Samuels. Now, Mr. Meridew, what do you know?"

"Is the President—do you know where he is?" asked Meridew.

"I'll ask the questions, if you don't mind," said Gerryman. "You tell your story."

If he was brusque, perhaps he had occasion, thought Meridew. And it was no time for petty resentments. He told his story, once again leaving out reference to the midnight tryst, and to Myrna's visit to Cattrone. If he could protect her—but did she need protection? And, when the President of the United States was involved, was anyone else entitled to protection? Nevertheless, about Myrna Dale he kept his own counsel.

"THAT all?" asked Gerryman when he had finished.

"Isn't it enough?" demanded Dabney.

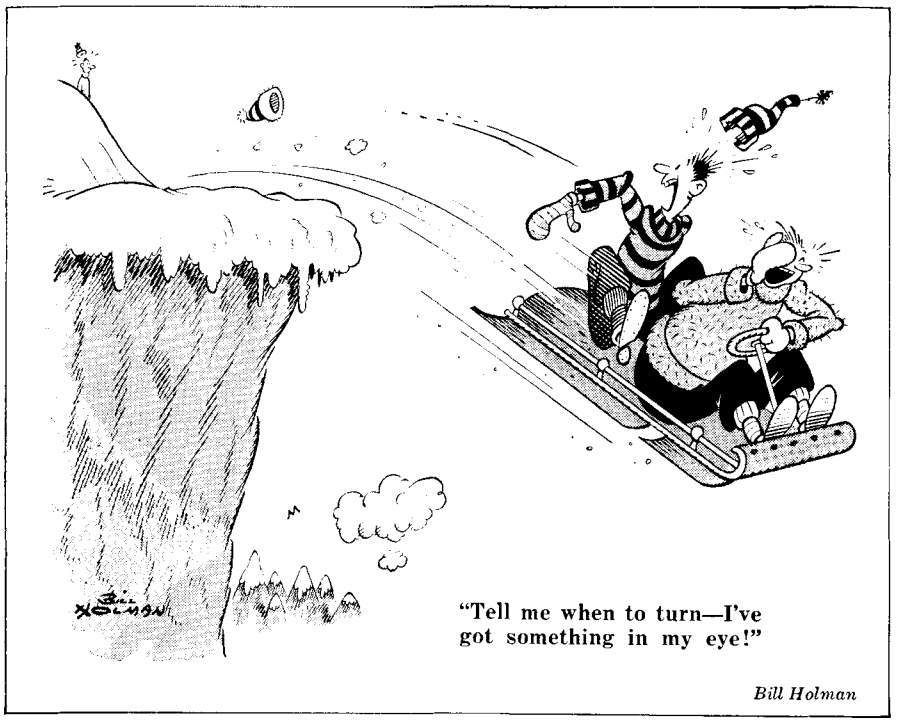
"Plenty," said Gerryman. He lighted a cigarette. "Too much," he added. He stared at Meridew. "Didn't they give any tip-off when they left here? Didn't the President drop a word? Didn't the girl give a hint? Can't you *guess* where they were going? If there was one tiny little thing that pointed anywhere—but there isn't."

Dabney stared in amazement at the sudden hysteria of the secret service man.

"But we don't know that anything has happened to him," he said. "He and Miss Dale—"

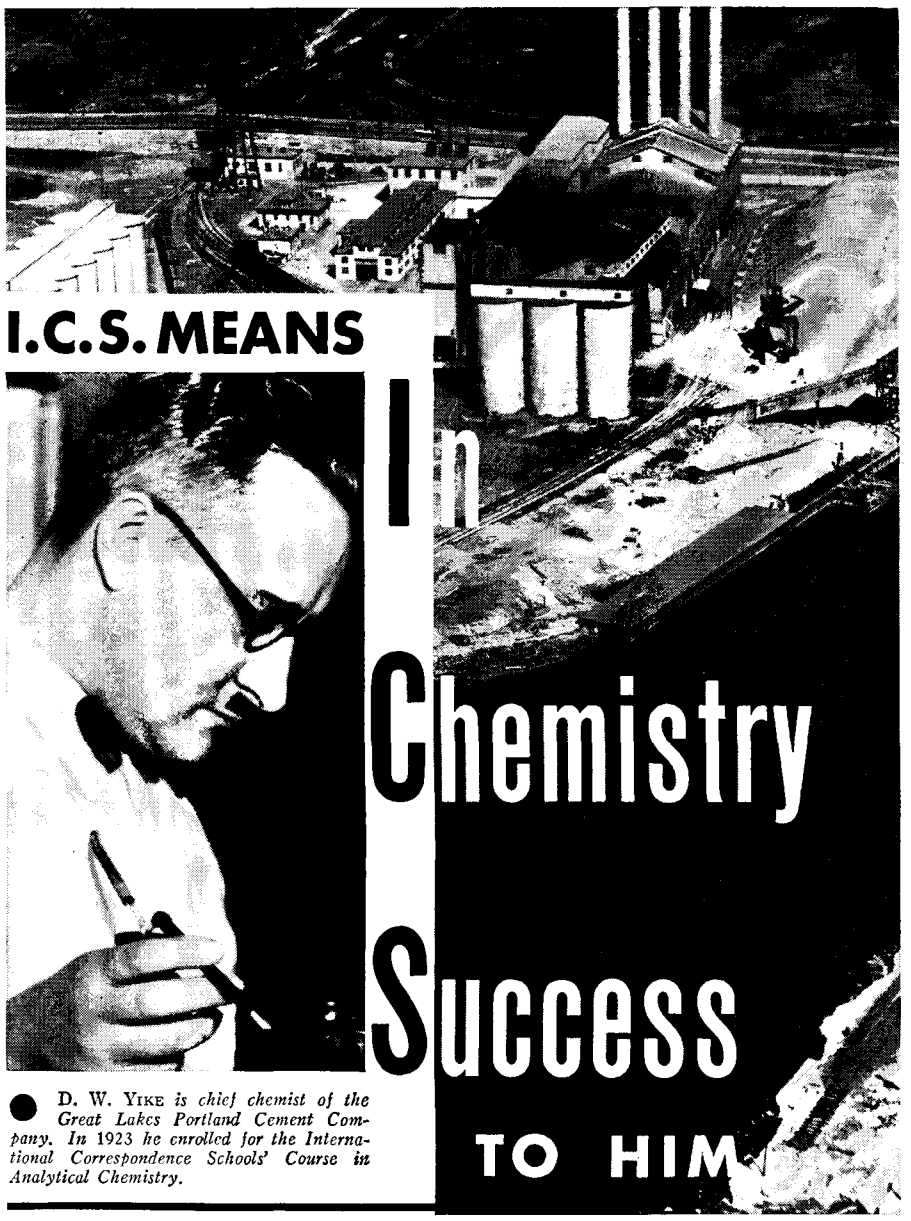
"Have been kidnapped," said Gerryman.

(To be continued next week)



"Tell me when to turn—I've got something in my eye!"

Bill Holman



● D. W. YIKE *is chief chemist of the Great Lakes Portland Cement Company. In* 1923 *he enrolled for the International Correspondence Schools' Course in Analytical Chemistry.*

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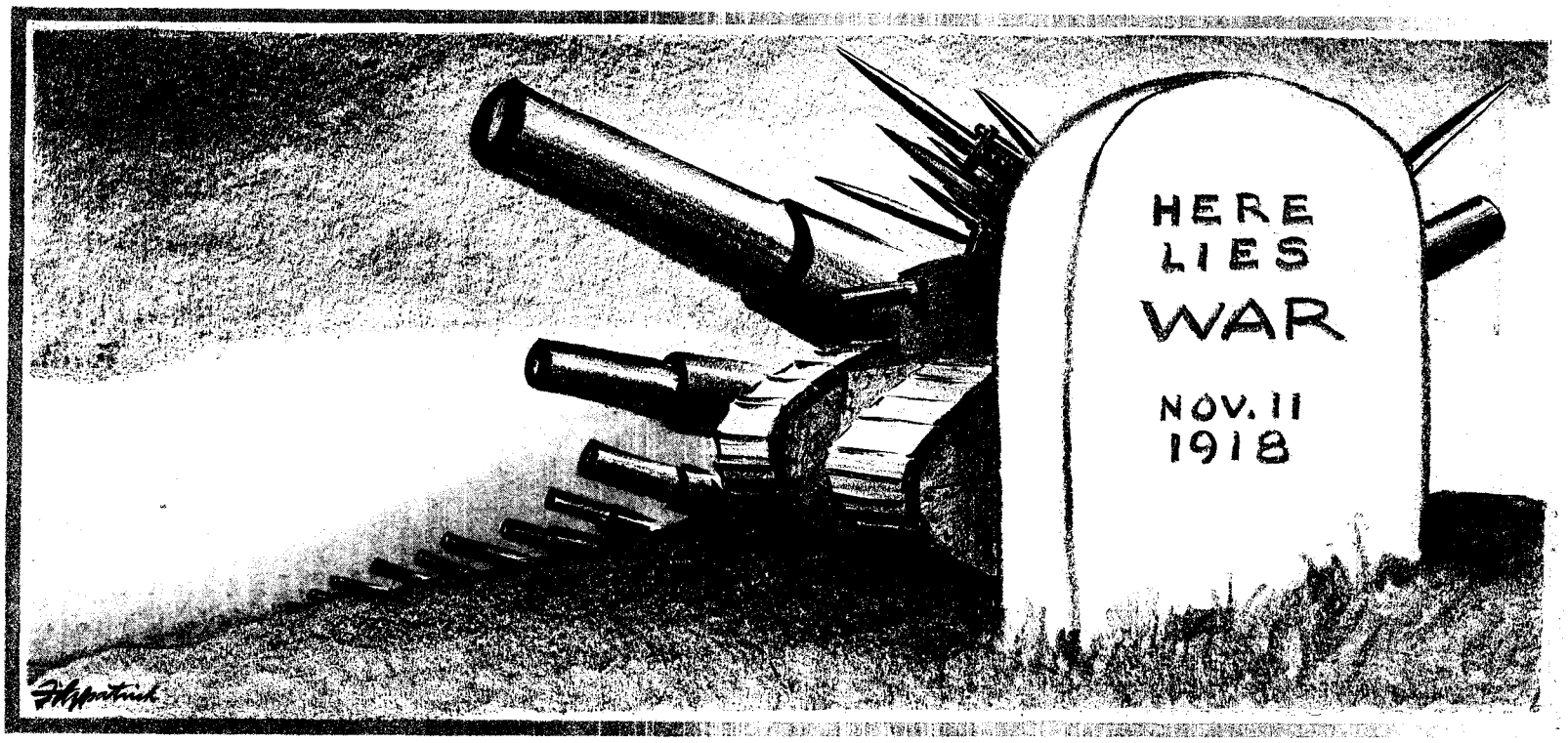

The Unburied Guns

FOURTEEN years have passed since the first news of the Armistice flashed around the world.

No message ever brought more joy to more people since the world began. In every city and village of every civilized country the great event was spontaneously celebrated with the wildest enthusiasm.

The war to end war had itself ended. Relief and rest were in sight. Once more the familiar business of life might be resumed. The catastrophic struggle was over. Again men and women would build homes and rear families. Love, not hate, would be the driving emotion; creative effort, not death and destruction, the goal of men's hopes.

Much has happened since that first day of hysterical enthusiasm and gladness. Children not then in their teens are men and women now. Young men, veterans even then, are middle-aged now. Of the old leaders just a few remain.

Lloyd George survives but without authority or high place. Clemenceau and Foch are dead. Three American Presidents have served since Woodrow Wilson was hailed throughout Europe as the savior of the modern world. Long ago Mussolini swept aside the Italian rulers.

Only von Hindenburg, military chief of the vanquished Kaiser, remains. The prestige of the aged, stern general is the last reserve of the German republic in its effort to fight off a Fascist dictatorship.

The historian who at some future time reviews the events and changes of these chaotic years will doubtless understand the meaning of the story more clearly than we who are living through them. Perhaps we have accomplished more than we realize.

The fever of war hate has cooled within the fourteen years but nationalistic pride has not lessened. Fear and ambition keep vast military forces in being and induce the nations, great and small, to expend huge sums on arms—treasure urgently required to feed the hungry and to lift the standard of living of the millions.

The great nations still stagger under the burden of enormous military expenditures primarily because of fear. No responsible statesman in Europe or North America is ignorant enough to believe that aggressive war could possibly be a profitable adventure. All think, however, that a defensive war might be unavoidable.

So the arms conferences designed to lighten the load of taxation and to reduce the menace of swollen military forces encounter obstacles so far impassable. None can disarm unless all disarm.

Yet progress has been made. By the Kellogg-Briand treaties all the great powers and most of the lesser nations have renounced war as an instrument of national policy.

By this solemn agreement aggressive war has been outlawed. This was not true in 1914. War was then an offense to the conscience of civilized man but it was within the code of international law.

How much difference outlawing war will make we don't yet know. The Kellogg-Briand treaty did not restrain Japan from invading Manchuria and storming Shanghai. It did not prevent Bolivia and Paraguay from fighting a minor war over worthless land in South America. It has accomplished no miracles.

Still the treaty stands and so does the League of Nations, even though that, too, has failed to justify the grand hopes entrusted to it.

Opposition of the League has not kept Japan out of Manchuria. The League has no armies or navies to challenge the will of the Japanese war office.

But the League exists and it was capable of sending an impartial commission, including, strangely, an American general, to China and Japan.

Nobody can be compelled by the force of arms to accept the Lytton report. The Japanese war lords scoff at it. The Chinese are dissatisfied. For all that, it stands as the clear expression of wise, informed and just men. It capitalized the modern conscience in this great controversy.

The real hope and safety of the future lie of course in the fact that already economic organization is world-wide. We can build as many political barriers as we please but business takes us and everybody else all over the world.

Every statesman explains the depression which hit his own country by disordered world conditions. The explanation is more than an alibi. It is true that fundamentally the prosperity, or lack of prosperity, of one nation affects all others.

What we need is more economic and mercantile invasions of backward countries to lift them to higher levels of comfort and understanding.

Inevitably, economic links will continue to bind the nations together more closely. Political organization lags behind because politicians are tied fast by the prejudices they have aroused. Business goes on and the tendency is international.

It is good to celebrate Armistice Day and to do honor to the cessation of fighting. Peace is best and, while we are not better than our fathers were, increasingly we realize that peace, not war, serves our interests. In that basic reality will be found the best assurance that our children will not have to experience the horrors or make the sacrifices offered by the generation of men who fought during the murderous years from 1914 to 1918.

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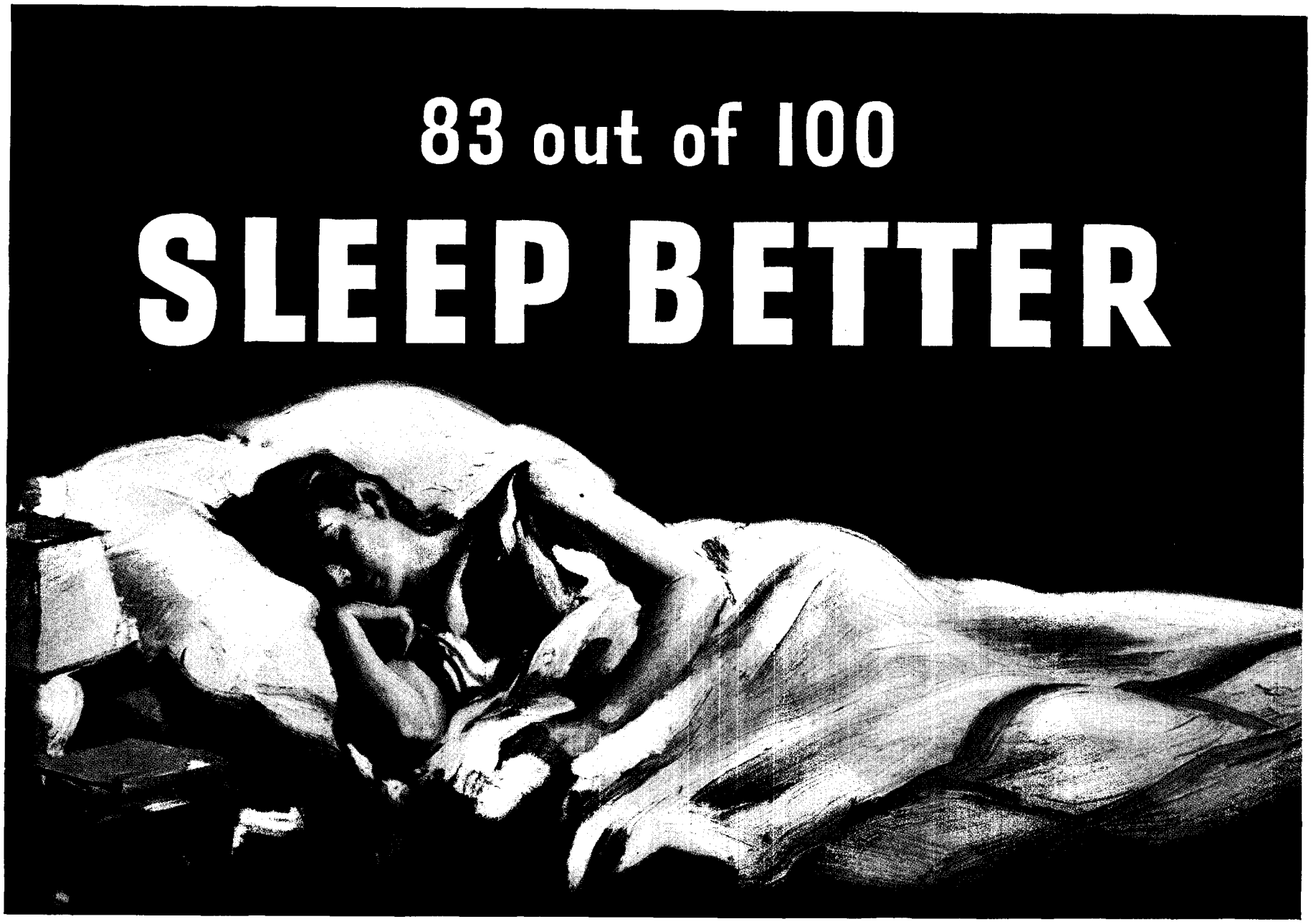

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